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The poor exile
Feels, in each action of the varied day,
His doom of banishment. The very air
Cools not his brow as in his native land;
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to him;
The language, nay, the music, jars his ear.

WALTER SCOTT.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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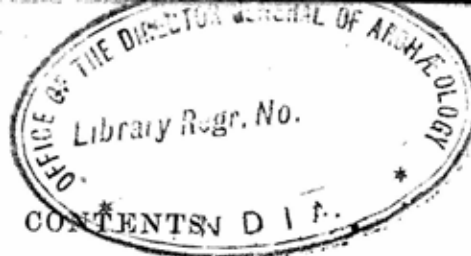
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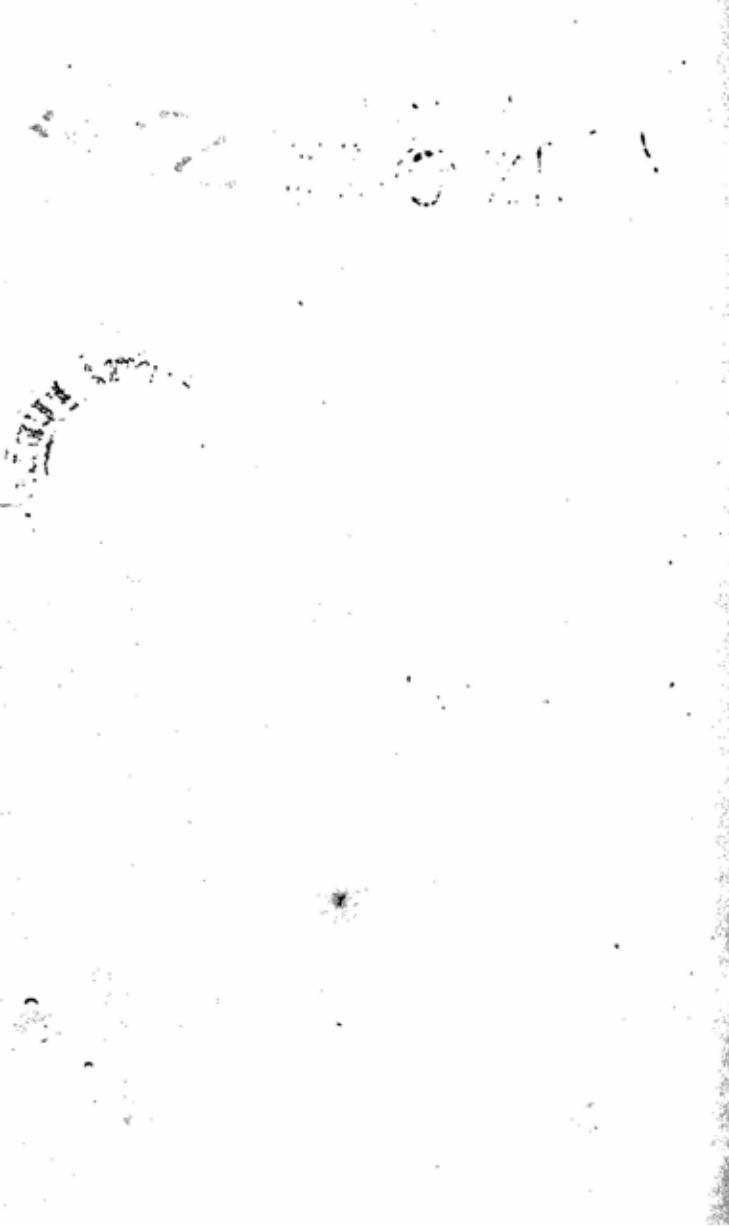
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X e 4



A LETTER HOME.

“DE REBUS OMNIBUS.”



MY DEAR Z—,

“I SIT down with all possible haste to answer the queries contained in your letter of the 19th October, which, as you will see by the date of this, has scarcely been three months from England. A capital voyage that! Nevertheless, I do not think our community will be satisfied, until that time be reduced to one-half, by means of steam,—a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

“Firstly with regard to the boys—a writership for James, by all means; but as to the cadetship for Benjamin, I am more dubious;—indeed, if you can secure him any *decent* pro-

vision in another line, by all means decline your friend's offer. It is worth nothing—absolutely nothing, in this our day;—it holds out perhaps a flattering prospect to you, 'happy in your ignorance,'—but assure yourself it is as fallacious as the mirage to the desert-traveller, if it be even as alluring. Reduction is the order of the times, and the most luminous exhibition of the march of intellect yet manifested to our vision in the East. The army is overstocked, *fearfully*, so far as regards the hopes of young aspirants. Ensigns thrown back to Cadets,—starving on a hundred rupees a month,—hungry lieutenants in a state of absorption, and grey-headed captains not within ten years of *the* step,—are facts from which you may proceed to draw inferences by induction on the most approved Baconian principles. You say Benjamin acquires languages with extraordinary facility, and you believe certain appointments are the reward of proficiency in the native tongue, and that these render an officer's career both much easier and

much more lucrative. Let me set you right on this point.

In one word—which perhaps would be better placed at the conclusion than at the commencement of the detail; for the peroration should contain an abstract of all the argument,—a *little* interest is worth incalculably more than any definable quantity of knowledge. A few years since a considerable premium rewarded the diligence of every officer whom a committee, assembled for the purpose, pronounced to be competently skilled in Hindostanee. A further donation of similar amount recompensed the acquirement of Persian. This stimulus, however, was, in the course of time, found to rouse the energies of too great a number of candidates, and consequently to draw too largely on the funds of the Honourable Company. It was therefore reduced to a fraction of the original amount, and called an *honorary* reward, but at the same time it was notified that Regimental Staff appointments were to be the *substantial* accompaniment. This might

have been as effectual as the original plan, in obtaining an object so every way desirable as the proficiency of an officer in the language of the great body of the army to which he is attached,—of the soldiers under his command. But *how* has the design been carried into execution?—*how* has the promise been performed?—*how* has the golden hope of the aspirant been realized?—To quote one or two instances, by way of example.—I know a young subaltern of some eight years' standing, who, having a family at home in no affluent circumstances, has assiduously devoted himself to the study of Hindostanee, in the hope of acquiring an appointment on the Regimental Staff, and the means of assisting *them*. The expected vacancy occurs after a long interval;—his application is made, and in the next G. O. he has the satisfaction of finding himself passed over in favour of a *youth of condition*, who is most admirably calculated to be an Interpreter of a language of which he does not know the alphabet, whilst his colloquial acquaintance with it amounts to '*Jao*'—and '*Ao*'—and

‘*Lao*’—and such like recondite phrases.—Another youth, of similar accomplishments, has won the prize from many competitors, by having been the lucky bearer from home of a parcel of female trumpery for a *lady in office*, who willed that he was to be so recompensed for the trouble of carriage and the safe delivery. Therefore, my dear Z——, unless you can find means to pack up sundry letters of *strong* recommendation with the rest of Benjamin’s outfit, never for a moment dream, that ‘if it should rain staff-uniforms, one of them would fit him.’

“There are, as you well know to be usual in the character of all *corporations*, various evils radically connected with the Indian army, interwoven, indeed, with its very constitution, and to be remedied only at the expense of such innovations as we unspeculative soldiers greatly dread. But *all* our evils are not of this character. There are many susceptible of removal, and others again of alleviation. There are some, the absence of which even we “with silvery heads” hope to experience. Our public

journals will give you quite as much information on this head as you can possibly require. The slowness of promotion is the *leading* grievance; the palpable and coveted remedy, that it should occur not regimentally but in the line. In any service, supercession is indescribably mortifying;—in the Indian army, tolerable only because the desperate have no remedy. To allow promotion by purchase would be a state of things infinitely worse, nor do I think that it would be safe to attempt the introduction of such a measure. If promotion were to be obtained by purchase, or by interest, what man would expose himself to the perils of such a climate, where his existence is preserved by one continued struggle? And unless an individual enrolls himself in the Indian service with the prospect of passing the greater portion of his life attached to it, one of the greatest securities England has for the preservation of the country, would be overthrown. An officer entering the career late, and for a short period, could feel no interest for soldiers such as the Indian sepoys, so foreign in nature and habit;—

strangers to him they would always be, and he alienated from their confidence. The fidelity of this extraordinary army is at present matter of fact not of conjecture;—but let them have a rapid succession of European officers, ignorant of their customs and unyielding to their prejudices, and I fear the experiment would tell woefully against those who would hazard it.—No—an Indian officer must be for many years a fixture, or of no essential advantage to the service to which he belongs.

“There are sundry discussions and apprehensions here relative to the probability of this army’s being transferred from the Company to the King. I speak advisedly when I say, that I believe such a change would exceedingly dissatisfy the majority. They anticipate supersession in an almost unlimited degree, as the inevitable result of amalgamation with the King’s,—whom they have long considered, and are likely long to consider, as jealous rivals, coveting with avidity those staff-employments which, by the constitution of the service, are, in the present posture of things, exclusively appropri-

ated by the Company's officers. That this appropriation is strictly just, very few unbiassed persons will deny, when they consider that the cadet sets his foot on this soil, to weather, during the greater part of his existence, plagues like those of Egypt, and that the rewards which can animate him to exertion, struggling as he must with the opposing influence of this terrific climate, are already too thinly scattered. Ought he to be spoiled of his hopes,—ought despondency entirely to deaden his energies, for the sake of bestowing these boons on those who, deserving as they may be, are not tied to this soil,—who can always escape from it, by making sacrifices doubtless, yet without the total ruin which must attend a Company's officer who resigns at an early period the service on which his subsistence depends?—on those who consider themselves as foreign soldiers employed on foreign service, and have neither knowledge of the peculiarities of *this* army, nor care for its interests, all of which are in some sort within the keeping of officers who occupy the higher range of staff-employments?

“ The possibility of our present regulations being so modified as to permit promotion by purchase or interest, is never contemplated by us without indignation and alarm. You will say that much personal feeling mingles with this assertion;—well, you may receive it with the qualification,—for I avow it. It is now some thirteen years since I made the Indian shore, and I am yet two steps from my company. Of the staff I have no chance, and I have neither cash nor interest. With what feelings then must I contemplate the possibility of an amalgamation, which may place me in imminent danger of being superseded by one of your fair-faced European-complexioned recruits, who writes ‘Honourable’ before his name, or comes out in the interest of the Minister, or of the Minister’s private Secretary, or, to descend a little lower, of the Minister’s Secretary’s head clerk? Would not such a contingency drive an unfortunate devil to mutiny, whose only chance of seeing home again after some thirty or forty years’ service, is the retiring pay of his rank? It would be a temptation to prostrate

one's-self at the feet of the Nizam, and to draw one's sword beneath the drapeau of the Musnud.

"These, my dear Z——, are details which, dry as they are, will doubtless be interesting to you, who are actually debating, whether your son is to become an actor on this arena or not. It is fitting, also, that I should show you the picture in another position.

"It is true that the golden days of India are over. Military men do not now acquire fortunes in this country. Exceptions by no means invalidate my rule, for they exist only because the few have discovered ways and means unknown and inaccessible to the generality. Still the life of an Indian officer is that of a gentleman, and is sufficiently aristocratic to gratify the most fastidious pride. He has servants,—horses,—a house,—a plentiful table,—fine wines,—constant hope of an augmentation of income,—and, above all,—for I speak to the proud,—he has *consideration*,—a place and a right to mingle with the highest. He is at ease in the society of his superiors, because at no very distant day, if he is toler-

ably fortunate, he is to occupy the same position. He has a place at their tables,—a seat in their carriages,—and is on that easy footing of familiarity which implies essential equality. He may occasionally ‘fall on evil days,’ by being afflicted with that most absolute of all despots, a tyrannical commandant. But these occurrences are ‘like angels’ visits, few and far between.’—Field-Officers in this service have very considerably passed the bloom and spring-tide of their youth. They are for the most part elderly, bilious, half worn-out personages, ‘melancholy,’ if not ‘gentleman-like,’—and very happy generally to allow their faculties a siesta during the whole twenty-four hours, and permit affairs to be administered by deputy. Detachments for marching in the monsoon are troublesome, but not frequent: altogether the military life here is not laborious, neither in truth ought it to be so, for who, after years passed within the Tropics, retains energy enough for constant toil?—I am falling again into railing, when I meant to exhibit the fair side of the picture, but I confess, that

to ' my mind's eye' that fairest side is clouded.

" However, there is one great consideration which must operate against sending a youth to India, whether in a civil or military capacity. If I say that the country,—the society in its general tone and manner, is anything but favourable to the improvement of the heart or the understanding, I may be told that ' temptation abounds everywhere,' and it is as vain to look for Plato's republic, as for Utopia.' —True, but there is a comparative state of things even when absolute perfection is to be found nowhere; and therefore I tell *you*, in sober seriousness, that for mine own private opinion, no earthly consideration short of rescuing him from absolute starvation, should induce me to send a son to this country. First, the chances against his living *at all* are great, as a comparison of the Army Lists of 1800 and 1820 will testify. Next, admitting that he has strength of constitution to grapple with the evils that beset him, where,—after a residence of twenty years,—where is his mental,

where his physical energy? At thirty-six he is an elderly gentleman,—with little personal activity,—with less inclination for intellectual pursuits. At that age he has ‘served his time,’ as it is called, which means the prescribed twenty-two years, admitting that he has had no means of availing himself of the furlough regulation, or has not been home on sick-certificate.* And then the years absolutely lost to him during that immense lapse of time! for, compared with the duration of life, it is immense.—The pursuits of his boyhood are abandoned, as too toilsome for the climate. Emulation affords no stimulus, for he is surrounded by the idle, who, if they secretly respect, openly ridicule him, and lure him to an

* After twenty-two years’ service in *India*, an officer is permitted to retire on the pay of his rank, or, as it is expressed in the Regulations, after twenty-five years, including three years for furlough. The same deduction from the period occurs, if an unfortunate man is compelled by sickness to proceed to Europe for the preservation of his existence. It is hardship enough, that he loses all his Indian allowances during that compulsory absence, and in some cases the necessity of serving out the twenty-two years is the sentence of his death.

indolence, or possibly a dissipation, to which the listlessness and languor already unnerving his spirit, too fatally incline him. For the preservation of his health, a ride of some hours at 'morning's prime,' when duty does not prevent it, is absolutely essential;—he breakfasts and endeavours to settle himself to serious study. Presently his friend or companion arrives, and proposes a tour of visits, 'as the sun is becoming too hot for anything like industry.' And thus until two o'clock, which is nearly the hour of tiffin;—another hour or two is lost at table: then evening is approaching, and there is the evening-ride and the party,—and 'so 'tis midnight,' when jaded and spirit-worn he seeks his uneasy couch, to slumber heavily and unhealthily, or more probably to count the weary moments as they pass so drearily, that he can hear and number their footsteps.

"But let me give 'honour where honour is due.' I have known in this 'orient land,' many bright and mighty intellects which predominated over all the physical opposition that

might have enthralled them. Their flight was hardly to be retarded, and their course was brilliant and rapid, as it was evanescent. Few indeed are the exceptions which can be brought forward to disprove the assertion, that sedentary pursuits in this country cannot consist with existence. Few are the constitutions that have vigour to resist the inroads of climatic disease, whilst the intellect is exerting its strength, and making daily encroachments on the physical energies. The most splendidly gifted individual I have known here,—placed in a position as advantageous to him as any that could have been selected, careful to preserve his health by every regularity of exercise, diet, and society, possessing a cheerful temperament, excellent stamina, well regulated temper, and ardent, not to say sanguine mind, is even *now* fading gradually beneath the influences of this atmosphere. ‘*Renounce your pursuits*’ is the obvious prescription in his case, which goes to support my assertion, that this country is manifestly hostile to mental cultivation. And do not charge upon me the folly

of attempting to build up a theory on an isolated fact. I adduce this one instance as a prominent illustration of it. I assure you, fancy has had nothing to do in the painting of the picture. I have conjured up no phantasm to amuse you. My talented friend is too really such, and so circumstanced as I have described him, and I am but one of many who will tell you, that Europe or the grave must shortly be his destination, and that of hundreds of equal promise and equally unfortunate.

“ You speak, my good friend, of your boys returning after a few years, to break, as you call it, the long line of their Indian residence,—to marry, and by domestic companionship to shed a charm over the latter part of their Indian career. Waving the chances against their returning, except under circumstances sincerely to be deprecated, and exclusive of course of the possibility of your furnishing the requisite funds, how are you certain that they will await this epoch before they form a matrimonial engagement? It would be too idle to imagine you

innocently asking for a pledge from the youths on such a topic, or relying on it if they gave it; and temptation here, whatever you may think of the matter, is great. Two words will explain the causes of its magnitude,—idleness and opportunity. Young men have little occupation, and young women are accessible. Morning-calls lead to evening-parties, and these to flirtations, which for the most part terminate, in the east, in matrimony. I am no harsh satirist of the female sex, nor of that part of it who are impelled by circumstances to incur the chances of Indian speculation. I pity such individuals as unfortunate,—as either the victims of adverse circumstances, or the too docile pupils of misjudging friends. But, setting aside every extraneous consideration, I must always deem it a slight diminution of the—I would scarcely say the *respectability*—but the *delicacy* that should characterize the young female,—to find her *here* unmarried. If it be equally true, that Bath and Cheltenham,—every public assembly—almost every social amusement,—is also a scene for the exhibition

of unmarried women,—that the object is the same, and that, whilst society wears its present aspect, it must continue to be so,—I can but betake myself to the assertion, that the veil of decency is there thrown over the motives. It does not stand out so glaringly manifest;—it is not forced upon the mind of the uninterested bystander;—he has the power of conjecturing it to be the effect of so many causes, that he is satisfied not to bewilder himself in the labyrinth. But in this case it is palpable,—it is avowed. A girl arriving here scarcely affects to cover her real object with any other pretext, nor would the attempt be successful, where the merest novice considers every fresh arrival as affording a wider range to his fancy, if he be inclined to ‘fetter himself.’ And,—I do not attempt to deny exceptions,—females so situated are not generally, either by education of intellect or heart, what an intelligent, reflecting, and cultivated man would select as his companion, or what a parental friend and counsellor would point out as a mate befitting his son. Many are beautiful,—many attractive,—showy, well-

dressed,—of captivating manners. Young men soon lose their earliest impressions of the dignity of the female character, and a protracted residence here tends greatly to lower the standard: consequently tinsel is often mistaken for gold—the counterfeit for the diamond. Your boys, my dear Z——, are, I dare say, as properly tutored as boys *can* be, and have views as exalted of the perfection of feminine character as their mother's sons ought to possess. Nevertheless, their nature is human nature,—liable to the same wearing out of old impressions and receiving of new as the nature of others, and *therefore*, I warn you, keep them from temptation *here*, where, considering how circumscribed is the circle in which they are to revolve, the snares that beset them are incalculable. I do you the justice to believe, that they must sadly have deteriorated from the ancient stock, if they could bestow even a passing thought on a woman wholly educated in this country. On the tremendous evils consequent on *such* unions, therefore, I shall not enlarge; and lest you should charge on me a too sweeping censure, I

shall have the frankness to acknowledge that, doubtless, exceptions do exist even in *this* class also, but I still lift up my voice against him who ventures so hazardous an experiment; and all who know what kind of education is to be obtained here—what are the attendants of the child—and what must necessarily be its first impressions—will unite with me in declaring, that it is indeed a *most* hazardous experiment.

“ My professional feelings lead me chiefly, as you will perceive, to military matters; but as far as my knowledge extends, I would gladly give the benefit of it to your son, ‘ the civilian *in posse*.’ For him a perfect acquaintance with the native languages and with Persian is absolutely necessary. Surely it ought to be his first duty to acquire the means of direct communication with those who must appear before him in his capacity of magistrate and judge, as supplicants or criminals. Dreadful is the responsibility incurred by him who, sitting on the judgment-seat in this land, trusts to his vakeels as interpreters. I believe those who are best acquainted with the native character, will sup-

port the assertion that *every* Hindoo is accessible to a bribe. The extent to which an interpreter may exercise his power of distorting facts, when he translates a case for his superior, is really terrific. Who is to accuse him? Who is to give a counter-representation? In vain the wretched victim of injustice prostrates himself, and implores the protection of the European arbiter of his fate, who can neither comprehend his own foul injustice nor the sufferer's appeals. I would almost say, let no man attempt to preside on a judicial tribunal, who is not competent to receive *direct* the statements and complaints of the suitors, as he values his immortal soul. For surely that man perils his everlasting interests who, through idleness or incapacity, is unable to render justice between man and man, and condemns to desolation and ruin, family after family, in the wide-extending sphere of his influence. The rich oppressor knows his security; for aware of the vakeel's venality, he measures out a gift, and knows that he has triumphed over his poor foe! And the oppressed man says,

I have neither gold, nor jewels, nor grain, nor land, and how can I strive with my enemy? And in his despair he raises up his voice and curses 'the unjust judge,' and surely *this* is not 'the curse causeless that shall not come.'

"Therefore, my dear Z——, whilst things continue in their present state, make James, if you are resolved he shall here fill the magisterial chair, give his days and nights to the study of Oriental languages, and, so far as it is accessible, of Oriental law as now administered. You will readily exonerate me from the charge of recommending an assiduous cultivation of Oriental literature on *general* grounds; on the contrary, I hold that the languages of the East contain *no* literature that will repay the student for the labour of their acquisition. But as every accountable being ought surely to direct his first and most assiduous pursuit to those subjects which will enable him to sustain with honour and rectitude the vocation which he has chosen, or to which he has been dedicated, —as the attractive is always to be sacrificed to

the useful,—I maintain that, in the present system of things, it is the high and imperative duty of a young man about to enter on a civil career in India, to accomplish himself in the study of Eastern languages. I know no being more contemptible than an Englishman dozing on the judicial seat, whilst suits of vital importance to whole families, and sometimes in their remoter effects to whole districts, are transacted by his native functionary, who exults at once in the wealth acquired by his plenitude of power, and in his imperceptible, but real, and, by *him* well-understood, superiority to the inane representative of the nation who are the masters of British India.

“ You will observe that I have laid considerable stress on the reservation ‘*whilst things continue in their present state.*’ You will not now for the first time meet with the opinion, that the greatest reform capable of being made in Indian courts of justice, would be the rendering of the English language the medium by which all legal business is transacted. Such an innovation would be hailed by the native as

the dawning of a new era, replete with invaluable blessings to himself and his race. As we hold this country by the bond of *opinion* more than by the fetters of *power*, it is well for the continuance of our rule that, through all his adversities, amidst all the imperfections of our system, a Hindoo still has almost unlimited faith in the integrity of actions emanating immediately from Europeans. Unintelligible as our English alphabetical characters are to the majority, with what confidence will they receive any document written in those unknown hieroglyphics, relying on it as possessing talismanic virtues! I am persuaded, that the introduction of the English language as the medium of all law official business, would diffuse satisfaction amongst an overwhelming aggregate of this population. The best incentive would be found to direct the pursuits of the higher classes to the cultivation of English literature, and in time this would descend to the lower grades. The few places of education which the policy of government, or the charity of private societies has established in this enormous continent,

would be more numerously attended and with better effect. The study of our language must convey with it some insight into the principles of our sciences and our arts, our literature, our domestic polity, our ethics, and our religion. The change also would afford employment to numerous individuals of that almost nameless class of human beings, who are called indiscriminately half-castes, Eurasians, and Hindoo-Britons,—a class despised, *almost emulously*, by Europeans and natives. There are peculiarities annexed to the condition of their birth, which at once unite them with their brethren of either nation, and at the same time draw a strong separating line. This anomaly occasions an equal anomaly in the legislature as it affects them, subjecting them to the protections and penalties of the Mussulmaun law, whilst their feelings, and the religion they profess, are generally Christian. Political degradation is the invariable producer of moral debasement. This ought to be remembered in all our speculations on the condition of this class and their capabilities of improvement. Perhaps no sect in India

is more generally tainted with deep immorality, not to say depravity, which is reciprocally the cause and effect of the contempt that, as I have just stated, is bestowed on them by Europeans and Asiatics. The change in the language used in the legal courts, will afford them the means of respectable livelihood,—will remove many of their temptations to dishonesty,—and will, consequently, surely but gradually destroy the prejudices against them now existing to so considerable a degree. The most influential of the class have attained so much of the spirit of the times, as to bestir themselves by means of meetings, and to manufacture petitions and representations of their grievances, for the consideration of the authorities at home. But in my opinion these petitions ask too largely. The requisitionists require the removal of those disabilities which affect their employment in the very highest branches of both services.* Now, as I have remarked, we hold this country

* This is an Indian colloquialism, intended to describe the two classes of covenanted servants in this country—*civil* and *military*.

partly by opinion; and believe me, many years of progressive improvement must elevate the Hindoo-Britons in the estimation of an Indian population, before considerations of public advantage will render it expedient to entrust them with prominent and influential situations. The memorials addressed to Parliament aim chiefly at exhibiting the great hardship this whole class sustains in not being entrusted with eminent posts, or at least with the positions of gentlemen. They never touch on exclusion from manufacturing, trading, or agricultural pursuits; they desire to be a *class* of gentlemen,—an anomaly in every country where there is no aristocracy. And the petitioners seem entirely to overlook the fact, that, in all civilized nations, civil disabilities are naturally attendant on the peculiar circumstances of their birth,—indeed are *necessarily* attendant, unless all property, all right, is to be thrown into one common mass of inextricable confusion—‘What,’ triumphantly asks one of the memorialists, in a published correspondence,—‘what ought the children of gentlemen to be, *but* gen-

tle men?' I will tell him plainly, that *no* illegitimate child steps into the exact place of his father in any nation where there exists a civilized social compact. Nor can I conceive that the intermixture of Asiatic blood, admitting that it confers no additional shame, can sanctify such a misfortune, or give it privileges beyond those of individuals dissimilarly situated.—'Shall not the son of a king *be* a king?'—is a question that at once illustrates the absurdity of this argument. Doubtless he shall—and the son of the peer shall also wear his father's ermined robe and jewelled coronet. But it shall be a son whose birth is sanctioned by the law—not the conventional law of man's convenience only, but the grand elementary law, without the observance of which the base of every political federation must crumble into dust and ashes. In this respect the most merciful man must allow it is right and fitting that 'the sins of the fathers should be visited on the children.'

"To return—James, if he enters on the civil career in this country, will find it a certain

avenue to wealth, should he be able to resist the temptations which await him at the outset. He must necessarily, at the commencement of his service, occupy a comparatively undignified position, as the underling of some senior officer. This superior may probably be a man whose allowances are more than sufficient to pay a whole regiment. Encompassed by every luxury that wealth can procure,—reduced by indolence to be the actual dependent on the crowd of fawning and obsequious natives, who call him lord, and invoke his favour as ‘their father, their mother, their god,’—craving for the excitement which his palled and languid mind can find in no worthy pursuit,—he may probably be found by his élève very accessible, and a ‘*fine generous spirit*,’ enervated a little perhaps by the severity of the tropical suns. What a vast temptation to expense is thus opened to the tyro! He becomes possibly the inmate of a dwelling where luxury is accumulated on luxury, until each indulgence becomes essential to existence. Emulous of the example before him, he squanders money

with a thoughtlessness exceeding that of the prodigal. Gaming awakes the torpid spirit from its languor, and therefore this excitement is sought with an ardour proportionate to the relief it affords. Entertainments, too, are to heighten its zest. Costly viands and rich wines are to tempt the satiated appetite, and the expensive nautch is to lend its attractions to the exhibition. The comparatively small income of the youthful votary of oriental dissipation cannot answer the demands on it;—his native assistant, ever on the watch, is adroit to discover the precise moment when the offer of his assistance will be most eagerly received. That offer is made, and the aid which attends it becomes at length the habitual resource of the unhappy profligate, who early in his career looked with contempt on others who had plunged into such an abyss!—‘What?—so well warned?—and yet fall into the snare of a villainous native servant?’ And in the words of Hazael he asks, ‘Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?’—And yet Hazael

wrought on, to the fulfilment of all those scorned predictions !

“ *These* are the men who can best bear *retrenchment*, and on them it would produce the greatest possible quantity of good. The temptation to extravagance, ruinous to almost every young officer, whether civil or military, who is drawn within their vortex, would be removed,—the commission of an immense quantity of moral evil would be prevented; and demands of economy might be honourably attended to, without curtailing the few comforts left to the ‘*soldier-officer*’—as the *élégantes* of this accomplished society are accustomed to designate officers with their regiments, in contradistinction to those employed on the staff,—and the experiment might be infinitely less hazardous. A malcontent army has effected greater things than a change in the form of a colonial government. The voice of its indignation generally speaks in thunder loud enough to shake the firmest thrones to their foundation. Hitherto safety has been found in the differences of .

the superior security to persons and property afforded by British rule, where is the subject of a native prince who does not envy the happier vassal of the Company? Still, against the very cry of the people, from some miserable policy or financial expedient, we suffer the shadow of the Nizam's territory to blacken over the very centre of our dominions, and have now added to the blessings enjoyed under native rule, by giving independence to his respectable Highness of Berar, that the hill of Seetabuldee may again be inundated with British blood! *Such* native princes are the very Nereoes of modern times,—to whom the appetite of blood seems the only one that knows no satiety. Ask of the horrors perpetrated in that nest of Arab incendiaries,—that Indian Tophet,—Hyderabad! See there, how murder and rapine stalk hand in hand, in the nineteenth century,—in a territory absolutely defended by British troops. Inquire into the enormities perpetrated by the petty Rajahs of the hills. Ask of officers on detachment, what has fallen under their immediate cognizance.

Will you inquire of *me* and hear *my* solitary anecdote?

“ I commanded, in default of a captain, a detachment of two companies sent to the hills to defend the district. A nightly guard was furnished to the Rajah of the small territory for the protection of his palace. Shortly I began to receive reports from every native officer on this tour of duty, of cries heard during the night,—of shrieks and groans as of a person in agony. Inquiries had been made by sepoys, and the attendants at the palace had cautiously whispered of cruelties perpetrated on the lawful wife of the Rajah, for the amusement and gratification of the nautch-girls and other dissolute women, who formed his nightly band of associates. *Lighted cheroots* were applied, as a jest of excellent piquancy, to the tenderest parts of the poor victim's person; and other methods of torture were resorted to, from which an European imagination shrinks with disgust. Having ascertained, as far as I was able, the accuracy of these harrowing details, I awaited in great anxiety the arrival of the

very influential personage whose province it was to administer justice through a wide extent of territory,—the mere expression of whose disapprobation would have been a sufficient check on this eastern barbarian. And what was his memorable reply? I have never forgotten him as he stood looking down on my comparatively pigmy stature;—his eyes half closed, and his mouth curled in a cruel derision, that, I confess, chafed my soldier's blood until my commission became valueless in my eyes, if it were to be retained only on condition that I brooked this insulting glance. 'Sir,' said he with much deliberation,—'one of the ties by which we hold this country, is the wise policy which refrains from interfering with the prejudices of the natives. Sir, these things which you mention, are usual amongst them. Such is their custom—it is part of their manner,—with which you and I have nothing to do. Sir, the British Government cannot interfere with the domestic conduct of the princes with whom it is in alliance, or to whom it affords protection. And, Sir, the British Go-

vernment forbids any interference on the part of its servants; and *their* business, Sir, let me admonish you, is not to judge or to discuss, but *to obey*. Sir, the three points of a soldier's duty are—first, obedience—second, obedience—third, obedience. Sir, I wish you a very good morning.'

"And he bowed me out; and what redress had I?—Alas, I could but seek consolation in the admonition penned by the wisest of men,—
'If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for He that is higher than the highest regardeth; and there be higher than they.'

"Closely indeed is the assertion I have just recorded, as pronounced by Sir — —, observed and brought into action by the servants of Government. '*One of the ties by which we hold this country, is the wise policy which refrains from interfering with the prejudices of the natives.*' Our error, I fancy, has a tendency to the other extreme, and that so far from *opposing*, we actually *support* and en-

courage. Witness the Temple at Jagghernaut, a portion of the revenues of which actually passes into the hands of the Company, under whose patronage its abominable idolatries continue. Hither are lured, by the reputed sanctity of the place, hundreds of poor half-starved Hindoos, whose scanty means have been carefully laid in store to carry them within the sacred recesses of this shrine. In the most unfavourable season of the year the avenues of the temple are thronged with pilgrims, some of whom having traversed hundreds of miles, arrive with exhausted resources and almost at the last gasp of existence. Still the door is closed to their ardent expectation. Of what avail are their previous hardships,—their present sickness and privations,—in the eyes of the priestly hypocrite, whose outstretched palm feels not the pressure of their gold, which ‘has taken unto itself wings, and flown away?’ To them the gate opens not, and in despair and disappointment—houseless,—without food,—without shelter from the heavy rains that are inundating the earth,—far from the face of a

friend,—a prey to the rapid and fierce diseases of the season,—they die with the haven of their hope in view; and the hypocritical Brahmin turns on them an eye colder than that of the Levite, receives the rich offering of the wealthy, and having transmitted part of the price of the blood of human souls to the Honourable Company, rolls himself in the garb of his sensual indulgences, deriding equally the superstition of his brethren, and the imbecility of the Government beneath whose fostering influence his unrighteousness prospers.

“ This system of encouraging the religious prejudices of the natives, seems to pervade all classes of official men in this country, from him who governs a province, to the commandant of a single regiment. As the universe is composed of atoms, and the smallest figure swells the amount of the aggregate, I shall not hesitate to afford you a minor instance of the operation of this feeling which I myself witnessed. The regiment to which I belonged, at the epoch to which I allude, was under orders to march. Its route lay through a dreary de-

sert of jungle, but, as its progress would occupy the months of March and April, we apprehended nothing but heat, and had little to dread from the prevalence of disease. We had the misfortune then to be under the command of a just-promoted field-officer, on whom his new dignity did not, as yet, sit easily. He was one of those who some thirty years since got into this army, everybody wonders *how*; whose vocation assuredly lay not for things military. He was one of the most vain-glorious little men I ever happened to meet; but beneath all the bustle of his vanity, his shrinking consciousness of inferiority was palpable to the commonest penetration. There was the perpetual assertion of his claims to consideration,—a continual calling of people's attention to the position of field-officers,—an anecdote of himself adapted to every possible conjuncture to which in the course of conversation one could refer, tending to elucidate the mysteries of *his* superiority by the attention other well-known individuals had bestowed on him. Then his *platitudes* were

methodized in the most extraordinary manner;—there was the thesis,—the major's importance;—the preamble,—the reasons, first, second, third, *ad infinitum*;—the peroration. Oh! it was a rich exhibition of the expedients to which a man is driven, who desires to escape from the galling oppression of conscious littleness. Imagine his excitement when the order for marching arrived! He evidently deemed that the movements of the 117th, under the command of Major Patrick Flannaghan, for such was his cognomen, not only would form events in the chronicles of the year, but actually in the annals of the century. At length, after demurs and difficulties which nearly unsettled the brain of the Adjutant, and made the Quartermaster a skeleton, this fine body of men, as the phrase goes, was put in motion. The journey commenced, by order, precisely at half an hour after sun-rise, when we had paraded much longer than we liked, our most accurate commandant keeping his eye fixed on the minute-hand of his watch, that we might not move a moment before or after the appointed

time. Three hours spent beneath a sun gradually advancing to scorching power, brought us to the end of our daily journey, when we devoured our breakfast, with what appetite we might, cursed the slowness of Indian marching, abused the cook, fined the butler, retired to our separate tents, and fell asleep. But these were the halcyon days of that memorable march. In fact, we had afterwards to pass through a regular campaign against the weather. The jungle, as we advanced, became more dense; lofty hills environed us, covered with forests the abode of predatory animals, and that mightiest of serpents, the boa-constrictor. But how the terror of *such* foes faded beneath the dread of the pestilential vapours which were exhaling around us! Yes, unseasonable as it was, contrary to all the calculations of ordinary experience,—heavy rains deluged the earth, and threatened us with destruction. Morning after morning, our fearful eyes saw the heads of the encircling hills veiled in thick black vapour, that was shortly to descend, and assail us as a pestilence. We were

encompassed with the rankest vegetation. Our encamping ground was frequently a square of cleared plain, barely sufficient to afford space for our tents, and picquets for our cattle. Tall trees, or lofty forest-covered mountains, bounded our limited horizon, and seemed to shut in upon us the malaria abounding in the damp vegetation. Our anxious desire was naturally to hasten, by forced marches, out of the reach of danger. Sickness had crept in amongst us, and we had daily to witness the sufferings and danger of those nearest and dearest to us. Oh ! in what close brotherhood the tie of common danger binds man to man ! What an amiable set of beings each deemed the little band of his comrades ! We remembered no man's foibles ; —we were even anxious to view with a charitable eye the follies of Major Patrick Flannaghan. But he would not allow it. In the plenitude of his military zeal, he insisted on observing '*the regulations of the service,*' to the very letter ; the discretionary power which formed a branch of his prerogative, remained like a title in abeyance—nobody benefited by

it. We were to march eight or ten miles daily—no more—lest the men should be harassed! those very men who, left to the guidance of their own will, would proceed from twenty to thirty miles daily! Besides all this, we had frequent halts, that '*the men*' and their families might recruit,—which we translated into something nearer the truth, by calling it, Major Patrick Flannaghan's tender consideration for Mrs. Flannaghan, and all the little Flannaghans. But our patience had yet to be put to a sorer trial. We reached the bank of the river, which in its windings several times intercepted our path. A burst of enthusiasm hailed, as we thought, the first view of it; but we very soon discovered that the rapture arose from our approach to a Pagoda celebrated for the extent of its revenue, and the number of Brahmins supported there. And here, in obedience to that 'wise policy which refrains from interfering with the religious prejudices of the natives,'—our gallant Major thought it expedient, malgré the danger of the season, the surrounding sickness, the hazards of delay, to halt

two days, that 'the men' might have an opportunity of paying their devotions and making their offerings at this exalted shrine. Priestly craft soon disburthened the pitiable victims of this the most abject superstition that ever enthralled the spirit of man, not of their superfluous rupees only, but of those absolutely necessary for the exigencies of the march. Consequently, during the remainder of our wearisome journey, we heard only bitter complaints of poverty, and witnessed daily scenes of want and privation which a *slight* disregard of 'the prejudices of the natives' might, in this instance, have averted. However, the thing was all *according to rule*; and I submit to your consideration, whether this is the best possible state of things in a country absolutely under British rule? If we are not to trample on their religious institutions, does it follow, therefore, that we are to testify extraordinary veneration for them? If we are not to *force* the consciences of men, are we to foster their superstition, whilst we cautiously abstain from lending any *official* sanction to efforts tending

to awaken them to a knowledge of 'a more excellent way?' This excessive caution conspires exceedingly with the bigotry and the indolence of the Hindoo to prevent any improvement either in his moral or his physical wants. It appears, under the present system, that the procuring of a certain revenue is the primary object before which every other consideration sinks into nothingness. Look at the country so long a part of the British territory. Where are the roads? Where are the bridges? Where are the agricultural improvements? Where are the exhibitions of the effects of mechanical power employed in aiding the fertility of the soil? In vain you will look for these things. Over a great portion of the Company's territory, you will find no traces of a road; everywhere you will witness the processes of agriculture and manufacture, amongst the natives, carried on by means of the very same implements as those used by their forefathers a thousand ages since. It is hardly credible how scanty are the improvements which have been introduced amongst the Hin-

doos during our long intercourse with them. And look at the miserable economy with which we dole out to them the means of education. On the advantages of opening their minds to the reception of knowledge it would be idle to argue;—all mankind seem in this age agreed in the expediency of enlightening the darkness of the ignorant. Civilized Europe abounds with the means of knowledge, and its resources are gradually extending, and penetrating regions hitherto least accessible to the progress of civilization. Britain, foremost in the great race, is liberal to profusion in her benefactions to mankind. Her subjects—her *European* subjects—find instruction attainable on all sides. On them she casts benefits with a generosity that seems boundless. Why has she no heart to sympathize with—no hand of assistance to extend—to her brethren—her subjects, in the ‘populous east?’

“To bring this interminable letter to a conclusion. You ask me when I shall revisit England, and assure me it is time I meditated a return, to familiarise myself with the more

civilized relations of your western world. I agree with you ; and, believe me, my inclination lends additional weight to your arguments. Moreover, I am a constant sufferer from affection of the liver, and our medical officer recommends my trying the effect of my native air. What then withholds me? I will tell you a very substantive reason. True, our noble fund will afford me such an addition to the pay of lieutenant which I should receive from my masters in England, as would enable me to exist with some regard to the bare decencies of life. Those said masters would defray the expense of my passage homewards, and the fund would furnish me an equal sum for the return. Good ! But has it escaped *you*, as it appears to have escaped *them*, that a sick man requires medical aid ; that in England such aid is often beyond the limits of the poor man's means, and that they, in their worshipful consideration for the comfort of their servants, have provided no medical attendance for them, when sick, poor, and perhaps disabled in their course of service, they

seek again the shores they once unfortunately quitted? Remonstrance and complaint are unavailing,—until patience is exhausted and complaint assumes the attitude of demand,—which day is not yet arrived. Therefore, my dear Z—, I war with the uncongenial climate, as best I may; for why should I hasten to the country of my love, only to expire with the very elixir at my lips, but beyond my reach? Rather let me perish far away from all that is dearest; such a consummation will leave me at least the chance of believing that I quit nothing in this world worth regretting.

“Con over this undigested mass of facts at your leisure, and *after deliberation*, send your boys to this ‘orient land’ if you choose.

“Your’s sincerely.”

SKETCHES AND HINTS,

SELECTED FROM MY CORRESPONDENCE.

I DARE say you have forgotten, in the comfort of your own house and establishment, all the little mortifications and annoyances of your march to —. Travelling in any part of the world is a sore lightener of the purse. Apropos! —I yesterday saw a caricature entitled *Phlebotomists*;—a stage-coachman, guard, bowing waiter, courtesying chambermaid, and scraping “*Boots*,” with a porter and one or two others of the same stamp, representing the merciless operators on an unfortunate traveller. But, alas! what are these musquitoes to the leeches of an Indian march?—with all *these* unceasing demands, a journey of two hundred and fifty

miles might be easily accomplished for six or seven guineas; whereas ten times that sum would not cover the expenses of your march, commencing with your butler's demands for ropes, gunnies, packing-cases, &c.; — your cook's for store of provender;—advance to servants, bullock-men, coolies, bearers, lascars, &c.;—impositions of ditto, with which the poor traveller is compelled to comply, at the hazard of being left in the lurch by a general desertion. This is indeed enough to produce a hæmorrhage. However, I hope, as you seem comfortably settled, some time will elapse before you are again exposed to this species of bleeding.

The longer you remain in India, and the more you see of Anglo-Asiatics, the more just will you find one of your early observations to me, that “the people seem to be acting set parts.” Men of education must be scarce amongst those whose lives, from fifteen years of age, have been spent in this country. Men of sense are also rare, because, in *obeying orders*, there is no room left for the exercise of the rea-

son or judgment, and a soldier is a mere passive machine. Men of elegant and refined manners are still more rare, because these can be acquired only by associating with elegant and refined people; and in the first class of society in India such are not to be found, since the highest situations are open, by progressive promotion, to persons of whatever birth, education, or intellect. And as to men of fashion or *ton*!—Yet each of these classes of character finds *would-be* representatives in abundance, and men of a little tact contrive to pass for what they would seem, among people not very conversant with the matter of exhibition. One of the most atrocious bunglers at this *would-be* system, is our Colonel Commandant, for of all assumptions that the spirit of imitation could have put into his head, that of dignity, consequence, or gentility, by such an underbred, uneducated being, is the most ridiculous. He still *talks* of going home, but, unless driven by ill health, I am confident he never will, for he must have a most especial dread of the *levelling* nature and effects of English society, in which a laced coat and peons, and chobedars, would

hardly sustain him in what he might consider his proper grade, but where, divested of these, he must sink at once to the very humble place which I would assign him. With all his failings, I should scarcely like to risk a change. In these days so much encouragement is given to the vilest underhand reports of commanding officers, that one's appointment or even commission is liable to be put in jeopardy by the mere *ipse dixit* of one of them. In this respect — is a safe man; for though he will not scruple at obtaining information by the most despicable means, he seems to seek it only for his own private gratification; I have never known an instance of his making any injurious secret statement to head-quarters, or indeed of his taking any unfair advantage to get people into trouble. The —tee mode of procedure in this way is the most disgraceful I ever heard of;—but to every honourable feeling and every upright principle, the officer at the head of the Force is so notoriously a stranger, that all comment on his baseness would be but an echo of every body's opinions. Indeed, the whole system of army-discipline is becoming

daily more and more galling to every honest and independent mind.

The excitement caused by our preparations for that threatened march to the Capital, has long since subsided, and we have *as long* relapsed into our wonted state of quiet and comfort, which had for some days been scared away from our abode by the aforesaid "note of preparation." Since then, we have had the visitings and visitations of the new arrivals, whose *débüt* promises to leave us, on the whole, no occasion to regret the change. The 91st Regiment have brought us two *sable fair* ones—one of them of a pleasing and rather sensible cast of countenance, but her mind can have had little culture; the other has never been in the habit of *doing* lady, and prefers spending her time in chewing betel, and lounging about her house *déchaussée*, to enduring the infliction of visits which would impose a most awkward degree of restraint on her manner, no less than on her feet, accustomed as they are to *unhosed* freedom. The Commandant is superior to the

class in general; he is not a *Tartar*, neither is he supine, nor careless. It is a difficult matter to meet with a good commanding officer *now-a-days*, as has been my observation for the last twenty-two years; and it always will be a matter of rare occurrence, because the situation requires a greater combination of natural good qualities, than we, from the habit of seeing it filled by very inferior persons, are at first sight disposed to admit. I regret to learn that you have so much annoyance on this score; but, alas! a military life, is a life of annoyance—of submission—of the constant sacrifice of our own will, to the orders of those whom chance may constitute our masters for the time being. Thank God, thought remains free amidst this thralldom of words and actions; but these must be submitted to the bridle, how much soever we may chafe and fume at the tyranny of our riders.

My crime, I suspect, in the eyes of my corps, is not matrimony, as you conjecture, but my return to active service after two visits to England for health. This is the “head and

front of my offending" with the young gentlemen of the 71st; I beseech you, therefore, mortify all unknown inquiries by assurances of my most substantial health, and most inviolable determination to stick to the Service until I am a Lieutenant-colonel, the point at which I shall cease to have any immediate influence on their promotion.

I should indeed be grieved if I conceived any thing likely to occur, that would render such a determination really necessary. My hope is, to be able to retire as soon as my period of service expires; but I would on no account allow those step-hunting gentry to know that they have the remotest chance of the attainment of their desires. Time, who appears "to gallop withal" with reference to weeks and months, seems not to advance the future with corresponding rapidity. Of the cause of this anomaly, I am well aware, as I cannot but be sensible that I have put myself in the situation of a person whose occupation is to watch the progress of the minute-hand of the clock;—
A. D. 1835, being the expiration of *a day*,

every tick of which I count with the most mortifying accuracy. This is very foolish, I know, and I fight against it, but in vain. "My thoughts by day, my dreams by night," are occupied by this one absorbing subject,—the means and the period of my return to England. Have you seen the scheme circulated, by authority of Government, in the Bengal army, for forming a RETIRING FUND? There are many very objectionable points in it, but I should be glad to see something of the kind set on foot amongst us. The principle of the Bengal scheme is, to have two classes of Annuitants; the one for officers of twenty-two years' service, with an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, in addition to the retiring pay of their rank; the other for officers of twenty-six years' service, with an addition of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum; the number of Annuitants to be eight of one class—seven of the other. The evils of this will be evident to you; however, as it would bring so many pensioners on the Company at home, I put no faith in their assenting to

it. Among the many alterations projected and rumoured, this one of the Retiring Fund is the only one that wears even a *possibly* promising aspect. Every other aims at reduction, either in numbers or income.

I am indeed sorry to hear that the climate is already beginning to affect your energies ; marvel not, therefore, that my poor addlepate is reduced to a state of Bœotian stupidity. I never passed so unprofitable a month in my life as the last. No regular reading, but flying from book to book, and lounging and sauntering about the house, my best employment during the fifteen hours of daylight being a romp with the children, and the heat renders even that almost a painful exertion both to them and me. A steady, strong, and blazing hot land-wind, that would raise the thermometer twenty degrees above this year's average in exposed situations, would not be half so oppressive as the close, coast-like weather of this season. My fear is, that our monsoon may be a little late, as, notwithstanding frequent thun-

der-showers and squalls, I do not perceive any of the usual symptoms of an approaching fall of heavy and continued rains. It requires a little deluge to cool the *hissing* earth, and clear the steamy atmosphere.

On looking to your letter, I perceive the leading article to be the prodigy of a married cadet. Envable man! What a prospect lies before him! the vista terminating in the rank of brigadier-general, at the age of seventy-two, according to the recent arrangements, and the foreground of the perspective holding out the cheering view of ten years' enjoyment of the exhilarating life of a married ensign! If the lady were an atom less flippant, vulgar, and self-satisfied, such a prospect would break her heart; but the providence that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, supplies the capacity of endurance according to the infliction of the burden. You see, the threatened reduction in numbers *has* taken place, so that we swarm with supernumeraries, and yet every fresh ship pours out a flock of cadets, to swell the list of sufferers. I think all ensigns of any respecta-

bility of family, connexion, or education, would be wise in returning home, for there is no pursuit to which they could devote themselves as gentlemen, in which they would not have attained greater advantages at the end of twenty-five or thirty years, than they have any prospect of attaining by continuing in this service. Few will be better off than myself, when as far advanced in their probation, and I hourly regret having wasted my life so unprofitably. Notwithstanding the many and thankfully acknowledged blessings with which I am surrounded, I cannot help feeling a most ardent longing to exchange the luxuries of the East for the simplest fare and most homely establishment of rusticated gentility in happy England, and *hinc illæ lachrymæ*: for the conviction that I could scarcely have failed to realize so moderate a desire by twenty-two years of apprenticeship to any gentlemanly calling at home, adds a feeling of remorse to the mortification of disappointment.

In the late arrangements, much diplomatic cunning is displayed: the upper branches of

the service are furnished with a *sop* to quiet their bark, if disposed to abet the clamours of the unfledged youngers. As to the brevet rank for gallantry in the field, it is only an additional incentive to abuse of patronage, which, Heaven knows, flourishes abundantly, without such extra-temptation. Fortunately for all but the few *élite*, who might have a chance of being put over the heads of their contemporaries, there is little prospect of this new regulation's coming into practice at present, as the peace of India seems likely to be undisturbed for many years: thus we shall, for a time at least, escape supersession by military secretaries, aides-de-camp, *et hoc genus omne*, the only class to whom the benefits of this specious promise of honorary promotion would ever extend. The late order for the examination in Hindostanee, of officers either holding staff appointments, or candidates for them, is an absurd farce, its only object being the extension of patronage. If the commander-in-chief would make a regulation, and honestly observe it, that every officer who has not satis-

factorily passed through the ordeal of the prescribed examination, and may be nominated to the staff, shall after six months' interval undergo this examination, and, if he be not adequately acquainted with the language, shall lose his appointment, then the procedure would wear the semblance of benefit to the service. But, prophetic from the past, I foresee that such unfortunates as owe their advancement to an influence that exists only in the preterpluperfect tense, or have rendered themselves in any way obnoxious to the administration that is, will be the sufferers, and their places will be supplied by the satellites of the actual greatness of the day, whose incompetence will be no bar to their fortune. All over the world there is a cry against the abuse of patronage, and there is no spot in the habitable globe where it exists to so disgraceful an extent as in India. How can it be otherwise? There is no public opinion,—there is a fettered press,—and where exists the presumptuous individual who would dare to assert of himself that, placed within similar temptation, unchecked

by these essential restraints, he would not equally offend?

To fill up my sheet, shall I send you a portrait of a true Indian officer of twenty years' standing,—a perfect specimen of the class having lately joined our society?—Captain M. is a very stout, or in less courtly terms, a monstrosously fat, good-tempered man. At this season he seems oppressed and depressed by the heat, from which he suffers severely, and his large *Atlantic* countenance has the relaxed appearance of one gasping for life. His manner is cheerful and agreeable; his conversation rather matter of fact than speculative,—the fault of all Indian conversation. He likes books, but I fear his fondness is confined to the ephemera of the day, or, at best, a striking novel of the higher order. He has outlived his *penchant* for military occupation, if he ever had it; and I think the most annoying circumstance of his life is the necessity of attending a drill or parade. His wife is natural in thought and manner,—quite free from all affectation,—cheerful, conversable, and clever. Their dispositions,

moreover, are decidedly sociable; and this, like the hospitality of India, being a much rarer virtue than of yore, is of course valued the more highly.

With regard to the reception, and its *sequences*, which you experienced from “the upright and learned judge” of your Zillah, I can only say, that even allowing for the diminution, just alluded to, of the once far-famed Indian hospitality, *this* breach of it “*out-herods Herod*.” You had arrived after a long and dangerous march,—were compelled to take refuge during the hottest season in a house which nothing but the direst necessity could have induced an European to inhabit for a day,—were naturally without the usual comforts belonging to a settled residence,—were “sick even unto death,”—two days’ march from your regiment and your friends;—and this man—this *married* man—stood entirely aloof—without vouchsafing so much as one inquiry whether you yet existed!—*This* is a CIVILIAN of the present day,—to whom his military brother is as an alien and a foreigner!

However, I have done—Allow me only one growl at the authorities at home, with whom rests the root of the matter. *Why* will they not open their eyes to the fact, that this country is in the power of their military servants, and that let the tug of war come, their whole posse of judges, collectors, and magistrates, will be but as dust in the balance!

CAPTAIN MAPLE'S MISFORTUNES.

“THE Maples are a very ancient family, as all the county of Kent can testify. They have lived in one spot for many generations, deviating in nothing from the quiet maxims of their ancestors, preserving the same essential characteristics amidst all the various changes of the signs of the outward man and woman, from ruffs and brocades,—slashed coats and doublets,—to bare necks and flimsy *batistes*,—Wellington trowsers and frock-coats. Still the Maples of Mapleton Hall *were* the Maples of Mapleton Hall, lords of the manor, esquires of the village, and lay-impropriators of the Rectory thereof, as is abundantly testified by the fact that, since the days of the Reformation, the

incumbent has always been a 'Reverend Matthew Maple.' But it was the fortune, good or bad, of my father, to deviate so far from the established practice of his progenitors, as to become the head of a very numerous progeny. Of these I was the cadet,—I mean no pun,—simply the cadet of the family. Now it was manifest that the positions of 'Thomas Maple, Esquire, of Mapleton Hall,' and 'the Reverend Matthew Maple,' could be occupied by only two out of the seven goodly sons at present flourishing as olive branches about the table of the Hall. The family dignity was to be preserved, but then the family *means*! The third son was fixed on as the physician *in posse*, since with the Maple connexion, my mother said, he *must* find ample practice;—the fourth was destined for the bar, where that said flourishing connexion was still to scatter the roses of success along his path. Yet there remained three unfortunate superfluities, in whose veins flowed that blood which, it was contested, would be polluted by the vile adulteration of trade, the apothecary's shop, or the lawyer's office. So

by means of the oft-insisted-on connexion of the Maples, my brother Stephen was sent to India in the civil service,—lucky dog!—Hal in the engineer's department,—and I—I—Peter Maple, was told to be very thankful for an infantry cadetship.

“ So I blessed my stars, and I *was* thankful. And when the shako and feather were exhibited, —and the scarlet and gold,—and the epaulette and sword,—I was thankful exceedingly.

“ The service has not in the whole line a more contented officer than I am. It seems to be the peculiar happiness of my temper to be thankful for all that befalls me. No light grievance would have opened my eyes to unpleasant prospects, or have driven me to the expedient of recording my misfortunes. I was eighteen years a subaltern, was thankful for the brevet when it came to my turn, and more thankful still for my company when I got it. After this happy occurrence, in an evil hour I took unto myself a wife, after the manner of the sons of men, that is, by asking and having. Not that I mean to insinuate anything dis-

courteous regarding Mrs. Captain Maple, whom I am bound to support and protect at the peril of life and limb. Nevertheless, for I hold myself bound to write the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, it does occasionally occur to my imagination, that things might possibly have worn a more comfortable aspect, if there had been no Mrs. Captain Maple at all.

“ My wife was a great manager and a capital economist. Therefore, from morning to night she was wrangling with the butler for annas and pice, — converting her boudoir, as she christened the verandah fitted up for her sitting room, into a bar of litigation, where she accused one servant and received the depositions of others for and against, to my everlasting annoyance. The consequence was, my establishment was always fluctuating, and amongst the figures which occasionally flitted for a short space before our eyes in the character of attendants, it is scarcely to be supposed that all were honest men: silver spoons and forks began gradually to disappear; and *who* conveyed them away? Alas!

discovery in such a case was nearly as hopeless as recovery in India. So I mourned over my losses with a gentle grief, which, however, my contented temper permitted not to be of long duration. And when, by the particular excellence of my wife's careful surveillance of our *ménage*, I found debts accumulating whilst my pay disappeared as soon as it was received,—I resigned myself to the grievance by taking to my heart the consoling conviction that, as I enjoyed good health in this country, it mattered little whether I passed the remnant of my days here or in a more westerly direction. I confess I have *lived out* many of my early feelings; to me, after an absence of five-and-twenty years, my brethren must be strangers, and every familiar thing of my own home has doubtless disappeared beneath the encroachments of newer fashions and modern improvements.

“When Mrs. Captain Maple was made aware of the actual extent of our debts by the correspondence of certain shopkeepers, who are always civil enough to remove any doubts of this kind in which you may fondly indulge, she

vented the usual abuse of their impertinence, audacity, and presumption, and then finally suggested as an advisable expedient, that I should apply without delay to my brother—the civilian.

“Sooth to say, I am a man not much given to correspondence. If my friends visit me, I am glad to see them; if they write to me, I am glad to hear from them; but to be compelled to answer every letter with which the idlers of one’s acquaintance may be pleased to favour one, I hold as a tax on a man’s time and patience, which I, for one, always decline paying.”

“Stephen and I, therefore, had exchanged letters once in three or four years. I saw occasionally by the newspapers that he had passed through successive steps to the position of circuit judge, and I knew consequently that his receipts were assuredly not less than three thousand rupees monthly. Nevertheless, I had never asked any favour at his hands; and notwithstanding our consanguinity, I am inclined to think he was almost the last man on earth to whom I should have applied for pecuniary

assistance, if the importunities and harangues of Mrs. Captain Maple had been but one tithe part less than they were. Like the unjust judge of the parable, I complied, because 'she wearied me,' and of the two evils I chose the least.

"My brother's answer arrived,—pithy and laconic. I have preserved it as a future warning, for the excellence of the advice it contains. Here it is.—

'DEAR PETER,

'I RECEIVED yours of the 7th, just as I was preparing for my circuit. Consequently it came in a very unlucky hour,—first, because I am almost too busy to answer it, and secondly, because I want every cash* I can raise in the world. How upon earth can you have managed to get into debt?—You have had captain's pay these six or seven years, and have had little expense. You military men are, to say the truth, very imprudent,—the most thoughtless set of people extant. However, it will not do for me to follow your example; I hate a

* A very small coin. *but a dreadful
useful one —*
Love dear

creditor, and therefore never mean to be in debt. It is useless your applying to me; I am a family man, and have demands quite equal to my income. If your tradespeople dun you, burn their letters; and if they become impertinent, threaten them with the Insolvent Act. At all events I recommend you to clear yourself as soon as you can.

‘Offer our kind regards to Mrs. Maple. We hope to meet you some of these days.

‘Yours sincerely,’

STEPHEN MAPLE.’

“I put the letter quietly into the hands of Mrs. Maple, who raved at the hard-heartedness, avarice, and unbrotherly meanness of my brother, until she had fairly exhausted the whole nomenclature of invective. In vain I asked her, what was the advantage of a passion which injured nobody in the world but her own excellent constitution? All the thanks I received for my affectionate representations were reproaches for the meanness of my milk-and-watery spirit, which inclined me to submit to so

much insolence. I have generally found imperturbable silence to be the best shield against an arrow-flight of these conjugal sugar-plums,—to which therefore I betook myself, and in process of time, the storm, violent as it was, blew over.

“It pleased Mrs. Captain Maple at length, however, to take it into her head that my promotion was proceeding at a remarkably slow pace, and she forthwith began to give her days and nights to the Army List.

“Captain Simkins, the senior of my captains, was in Europe on sick-certificate;—Captains Barnes and Payne, the two next in succession, were, like me, doing regimental duty at our head-quarters.

“Suddenly, to my unbounded surprise, for it was very contrary to her wont, Mrs. Captain Maple began to testify a most uncommon degree of satisfaction in their society. I am, I confess, glad to see my friends occasionally, but I like sometimes, and for the most part, a quiet dinner in a family fashion; therefore I did not deem the frequent presence of Payne

and Barnes remarkably pleasant; but remonstrance with Mrs. Captain Maple on such a point was, I knew, a thing not to be ventured, and I was fain to put up with the nuisance.

“Magnificent were the repasts which at these times loaded our board. Mrs. Captain Maple, amongst other accomplishments, was well skilled in Ude, and *méts* of the most piquant and spicy flavour tempted the appetite. But they did more; they excited thirst, which, my propensities not being in any manner bibulous, was less injurious to me than to most. Moreover, I am addicted to ginger-beer; but Payne and Barnes were unflinching votaries of Hodson, and they consumed bottle after bottle with a rapidity that helped greatly to swell the amount of my mess-bill, without any adequate benefit to themselves. Then, when Mrs. Maple retired from the table, lest we should wax dull or sober, she was careful to provide us with a supply of devilled turkey and biscuits,—grilled salted herrings,—sardinies,—and other such stimulating provocatives, which

tempted my guests to a sederunt stretching far into the night,—for I ought to state that these dinners always took place between seven and eight P.M.

“In vain I remonstrated; I prayed to be allowed to go quietly to bed at nine o'clock, at least six nights out of the seven. Mrs. Maple's orders were imperative on this head. And when I humbly asked what good was to result, and whether our debts must not awfully accumulate from such proceedings, I was told to consider myself a compound of stupidity and ingratitude, utterly unworthy of the blessing Heaven had bestowed on me, in providing me with a guardian-angel who was so anxious for my best interests, and whose single object was my advancement.

“What could I say in answer to such declarations?—Though a soldier, I am a man of peace, and inclined to take everything as quietly as may be; though indeed, sometimes I felt a perturbation which I had great difficulty in allaying, without being guilty of

an access of passion very injurious in a climate in which there exist reasons manifold, but best to be nameless, why none of us can take things *coolly*.

"Mrs. Keith, our adjutant's wife, absolutely rushed from her palankeen into our hall one morning, breathless, evidently with some overwhelming intelligence. I was terribly afraid poor Keith had met with some accident, for I knew he had been at guard-mounting in the morning as adjutant of the day; and I expected he had, as usual, gained the honours of the field, with less than his usual impunity. But my fears on this head were soon relieved.

" 'Oh, my dear,' our visitor began, addressing Mrs. Maple as soon as she recovered the power of speech, 'have you heard the news from Europe?'

" 'Not a word!—not a word!—what is it? I am dying to hear!' said Mrs. Maple with extraordinary eagerness.

" 'Such a step for the corps!' returned Mrs.

Keith. 'And really it is so *very* unfortunate! Poor Simkins! I knew him well—a kind-hearted good creature! However, he has fortunately left no wife or family; and as it *has* happened, you know, my dear Mrs. Maple, it is of no use grieving over what is in fact a positive good to one's-self. Keith is now next for his company.'

"'Poor Simkins!' said my wife, in a most dolorous tone of sympathy. 'He was really a most excellent man! I do not know a person for whom I had a higher regard. Now, do you know, this is a loss which I feel sensibly; I really am scarcely alive to our brightening prospects. What an ornament he was to the service! Now he was, *indeed*, an officer and a gentleman. Poor dear Captain Simkins! I think the very least the regiment can do, will be to put on mourning. Black is amazingly expensive here; otherwise I am sure I should think it a proper mark of respect from myself even. Well, Maple, you are now *third*, you know, and has it never struck you, my dear Mrs. Keith, that poor Captain Payne has

looked very ill lately, remarkably flushed, and apoplectic ?

“ ‘ Well, really, yes, now you mention it, I do think I have observed something of the kind,’ returned Mrs. Keith. ‘ He has a very short neck too, and is so thick-set, that I only wonder he has lasted so well in this climate. Poor man ! we respect him very much. His step would give Keith his company.’ ”

“ ‘ Very true ; have you heard the report that the Major is likely to be superseded, if nothing worse occurs, on account of that affair of Laul Mahommed’s, the Subidar major, you know ?’ and Mrs. Maple’s voice softened to an absolute whine. ‘ Poor dear man ! I am sure it would break his heart ! And he is the best of creatures—quite a prince of a commanding-officer, so anxious for the comforts of the married men ! I shall really be truly grieved if they take a severe view of the case at the Adjutant-general’s office. Certainly, strange views of things are taken there, and examples must occasionally be made ; I only hope it will not fall on the poor Major, who, by the

way, I am sorry to hear, has lost all his interest at head-quarters lately. He will never survive supersession ; he has always made himself so sure of the command. What a step that would be for Captain Barnes ! Apropos ! do you not think Barnes looks quite healthy just now ?”

“ ‘ There I cannot agree with you, my dear,’ said Mrs. Keith, making precisely the answer which I well knew Mrs. Maple must have anticipated. ‘ I think poor Captain Barnes is the most cadaverous-looking personage in the whole corps ; really he is an absolute skeleton,—a walking death !’ And such a prodigious gourmand ! It is really quite surprising how very thin a man gets by eating himself into constant surfeits !’

“ And Mrs. Keith departed to spread the intelligence of the important step through the cantonment, with the supplement, I knew, of course, ‘ that really Captain Maple looked so bilious, there was *little* prospect of *his* living to attain the majority.’

“ My wife was so profuse in her expressions

of grief for the death of Simkins, that I saw plainly enough the whole population began to understand and relish the joke. The youngsters made more frequent morning-calls than ever, and by dexterously turning the conversation into the requisite channel, they never failed to extract the amusement they desired from Mrs. Captain Maple's mourning-peal. At length my annoyance obliged me to venture a dutiful remonstrance, and to state that '*poor Simkins*' was actually becoming a catch-word at every mess in the place. Mrs. Maple boldly questioned the authenticity of the fact, desired me to plod along my own dull way, and not to attempt to check her less timid progress. I was indignant enough; but having some respect for my comfort, which is indissolubly connected with quiet, I held my peace, and she went on after the devices of her own heart, and prospered.

"But the catalogue of my misfortunes is far from complete. I bought a horse, a fine noble-looking animal, from a lot of Arabs; with great pride I mounted him, but prudently

tried him, on my first essay of his qualities, by walking him gently through a quiet retired by-road, almost like an English lane. He answered admirably, and I, as it was the monsoon, allowed him, during some weeks, to repose idly in the stable. The Arab-dealer had left the place very soon after the purchase was concluded, and I thought no more of him until my syce brought me frequent notice, that if the animal encountered a tree, a bandy, a palan-keen, or vehicle of any description, he not only *shied*, but actually plunged and reared, so that he could with difficulty be held down. I remembered the price I had paid for him, and was sufficiently sorrowful; moreover, I did not like the anticipation of Mrs. Maple's reproaches. Consequently, I was the more grateful for her forbearance when I discovered, to my surprise, that she said nothing about the matter.

“Captain Payne was a daring rider, and he had been greatly captivated by the exterior of the horse; and certainly a creature more finely limbed, or with a more beautiful head, never attracted the purchaser. Payne had intimated

to me his desire of trying his paces; but I refused, on the plea that the animal was not safe. Mrs. Maple ridiculed my timidity, and suggested that that might be a very hazardous experiment for *me*, which Captain Payne might venture with impunity. Payne was well-pleased with a compliment to that equestrian skill on which he piqued himself, and pressed for the loan of the horse. However, I was glad that he went away, and whether from forgetfulness, or that he changed his mind, he never sent to me for him.

"I recollect it was early in the morning in May, when I was sitting with my hookah in the outer verandah, enjoying the only cool moment that was to impart energy to endure the next twelve torrid hours, when my attention was excited by an appearance of great bustle in the street of the cantonment. Naturally anxious, as every resident in India is, to know what occurrence could occasion it, I called a serdar and sent him to inquire. He returned with an answer which I shall never forget. Being translated, it ran thus:—

“ ‘Payne saib rode out this morning on master’s horse. That horse took too much fear at a carriage in the general’s lines;—Payne saib fell off, then the horse kicked and ran away, and the syce fetched the doctor saib, and they put Payne saib in the palan-keen, and then they took him home.’ ”

“ I trembled with horror;—I felt deadly sick, and a cold perspiration burst from every pore. I rose and went hastily to Mrs. Maple’s apartment, and asked her if she had lent *the* horse to Captain Payne that morning? ”

“ ‘And what if I did?’ was her reply in irate accents. ”

“ ‘Why, if you *did*, Mrs. Maple,’ said I, for I waxed warm, and indeed was absolutely in a passion,—‘if you *did*, the horse has thrown Payne, and he is badly hurt,—perhaps a fractured limb,—perhaps *dead*,—and *that’s* what it is, if you *did*, Mrs. Maple,—and if he *should* die, you will, and ought, in your conscience, to know that *you* have killed him, Mrs. Maple!’ ”

—And I wiped my face in an agony.

“ ‘Lay down my pocket-handkerchief, Cap-

tain Maple, Sir;—how dare you insult *me*, your lawful wife, with such vile insinuations?—Sir, I despise and trample on both them and *you*!—*Did I* tell the horse to throw Captain Payne;—did *I* ask Captain Payne to mount him?—*You* told him enough of the brute's violence; and if his vanity led him—But it is idle to waste words on *you*. If he is dead, I am clear of the business, that's all,—and it is another step, and that's *more*,—and don't come here troubling me again, Sir!

“Poor Payne *did* die; and night after night I dreamed of Mrs. Maple's forcing him upon the horse, all unsaddled and unbridled; and methought I saw her irritating the animal, by the aid of sharp steel, to plunge and rear, until the unfortunate horseman was thrown, and I saw his pallid face, and mangled body. And then I awoke in horror; and frequently I found my wife in happy slumber, wrapt in blissful dreams, and I could hear gliding from her lips in tones that were complacent even in sleep, ‘*Major Maple,—Major Maple!*’

“My misfortunes seemed to have reached

their climax. I fancied, whenever poor Payne's death was discussed, that every eye turned with suspicion on me. Many a gibe and joke occurred on the occasion from the youngsters, such as—'Lucky horse that of yours, Maple!'—'Well, Maple, that horse of yours will take you to the winning-post one of these days!'—'I say, Maple, what is the price of your horse?—Promotion in our corps is at a dead stand, and our major is looking out for a horse!—Yours is just the animal to suit *us*!'—and many such like innuendoes, which pained me exceedingly, from a certain unpleasant consciousness, of which I could not, for the life of me, divest myself.

"As to Mrs. Maple, since this event occurred, she has given invitations to Barnes, the survivor, more frequently than ever. Often when I have recommended claret to him in preference to brandy, have I suffered martyrdom from the sharp application of her foot under the table to mine, which unluckily is afflicted with three or four bad corns!—Nay, to my surprise, she purchased a four dozen case of

prime cogniac from the captain of a French vessel, whose ship put into the neighbourhood for repairs, although brandy-pawnee is a beverage which I utterly abominate. With what terror did I see it conveyed from my own house, accompanied with a nicely written chit from herself!—‘It is a present to poor Barnes,’ said she;—‘he is really such a good kind of man that I wish to show him a little attention!’

“However, Barnes, cadaverous as he looks, has a constitution of excellent stamina, and has hitherto been proof against all Mrs. Maple’s *little attentions*!—He accepts the brandy, indeed, and I have reason to think that he drinks it,—but it is, by some happy adaptation of his nature to alcohol, a source of harmless exhilaration only,—in fact a medicine.—I have done with remonstrances, which only tend to exhibitions of strife—which I hate,—and they are utterly useless. I have found some relief in putting to paper this catalogue of my misfortunes, the severity of which will be perfectly understood by every old officer who has

lived in India long enough to prefer ease and peace to every other earthly blessing, and who has a yoke-fellow so active, so enterprising, so vigilant an AGITATOR in his behalf, as Mrs. Captain Maple has demonstrated herself in *mine*."

A RECOLLECTION.

THE arrival of a ship from England fills every heart with anxiety and expectation, from the highest official anticipating documents of importance, to the petty dealer who looks for some addition to his means of barter. There are few so cold as not to desire *news from home*, and fewer still so indifferent to their own interests, as to be careless of the influence her despatches may probably have upon their destiny.

But there are times and occasions, in which the anticipated signal of arrival is looked for with more intense interest. And no circumstance perhaps was capable of exciting deeper feelings than that which had drawn Mordant from his sleepless couch, and brought him to

the beach ere yet the first red light of dawn lay upon the eastern wave.

With straining eye he gazed upon the waters, and much and earnestly he communed with himself. Over the anxiety indicated in his eye, there was superinduced an expression of regret, and of that self-dissatisfaction which is so betrayed by restless and unequal motion. Sometimes he paused, and whilst every sense appeared absorbed in contemplating the trackless expanse before him, his view was really turned so completely on himself, as to exclude all outward objects.

Five years ago *he* also had been a wanderer on that deep, and had first anchored on this sunny shore. And well he remembered how, at that moment when his foot pressed first the eastern world, the pang of regret smote his breast for the loss of the very object whose restoration he was now anticipating. And why bounded not his heart *now*, as lightly as it would *then* have bounded, at such restoration? Alas! man's hopes—nay, sadder still, man's affections—are as fleeting as time itself!

He had *then* attained a more advanced period of life than is usual with those entering the military career in India. He had been in the world long enough to have imbibed a passion, which, if not deep, was so vivid, that he at least believed it eternal. It was only within the last two short months he had begun to suspect in himself the *possibility* of change; and the season of doubt had arrived too late.

From his very earliest days, Helen Manners had been the object of his boyish attachment. When those years of boyhood had passed away, still she was the idol of his young heart; for a fairer creature, more rich in health, gaiety, all the loveliness of bloomy youth, never lighted on this earth. He loved her, therefore,—that is, as well as such a nature could love. He delighted in the treasure, for the possession of which many sighed.

But friends frowned on that youthful passion, and his destination in life was determined accordingly. Mordaunt, having been attached ~~to~~ some militia regiment in England, entered the

Company's military service as he verged on his twenty-fifth year. But Helen and he parted not before vows had been exchanged, solemn as vows can be that are not sanctioned by human institutions ; and in *one* heart at least, the record never was effaced.

As years had waned, so successive changes had dimmed Helen's prospects, as those of her lover had brightened. One by one her relatives sank into the slumber of death ; and amongst the few who remained, she dwelt on a scanty competence. With Mordaunt, the case had been reversed. He had made for himself many influential friends, who had essentially served him. His promotion in his regiment had been fortunately rapid, and he had been also appointed to one of those offices which sometimes render an Indian career delightful. To do him justice, his first desire was, that Helen should share his prosperity and his advancement. And if sometimes the consciousness that her beauty and sweetness would not, — say the least, mar the brightness of his course, mingled with the purer elements of his

feeling, let the earthiness of our nature be remembered, and this alloy forgiven.

To Helen, therefore, he wrote a passionate request that she would venture to this distant land for *his* sake, and find her reward in the devotedness of his love, the engrossing of his entire heart. Helen's few remaining friends still opposed the union, but *she* awakened from the torpid melancholy into which frequent sorrows had plunged her, bounded once more to hope and joy, and resolved on rejoining the lover of her youth.

And Mordaunt, — alas! he had recently awakened to the conviction that a higher prize was in his grasp if he extended his hand to receive it; — that he might ally himself above his most ambitious hopes; — become the envy of his rivals and the superior of his equals; — and — *Helen was at hand!* — was it possible this conviction could touch one chord of his bosom that vibrated with other than rapturous delight? Mordaunt indulged a secret sigh that the *possible* brightness of his fate had not earlier dawned on his mental view, and then resolutely

endeavoured to fix his thoughts on the truth, the tenderness, the loveliness, the vivacity, of his all but wedded Helen.

The ship arrived at length, but it was many days after his early walk on the beach to look out for her arrival, and he was some miles distant from the Presidency, when he received intelligence that Helen was safely lodged in the house of the friend who had volunteered to receive her. The business in which he was engaged, imperatively commanded his longer absence, and he spent the interval in endeavours to shake off the *now* certain disappointment of the ambitious plans he had for one moment indulged.

The compulsive absence, however, ended, and he hastened, with a heart trembling with a tumult of mingled and conflicting emotions, to the abode of his betrothed. "You will find Miss Manners in very delicate health," said his friend, "and your arrival has agitated her exceedingly. I almost fear that she is not likely to encounter the trials of this climate with impunity."

Mordaunt entered the apartment where Helen, in an anxiety that defies description, awaited his approach. He entered, and one glance rooted him to the spot. "Great Heaven; *how* you are altered!" were the only words of greeting that welcomed the woman who had forsaken home, friends, and country, for him.

Helen sank again on the seat from which she had risen. The hand that was extended, *but not touched*, fell cold and powerless by her side. She read with one glance, in his dismayed eye, all of disappointment,—all of astonishment and—*displeasure*,—that actually struggled within him. That single sentence had sufficed to tell the story of the change of both,—*his* heart and *her* person. From that moment the fate of the unfortunate was decided.

It began soon to be rumoured at the Presidency, that matters were not altogether in train for Mordaunt's nuptials,—an event that had been anticipated during many weeks. There were floating reports abroad, that his conduct to his *fiancée* had been any thing but ~~manly~~ and honourable; and it was quite certain that

the lady who had received Miss Manners, no longer opened her door to him. Comments soon cease to be *whispered* in a society not likely to tolerate any action so manifestly base; and opinions were loudly and broadly expressed, that Mordaunt owed it to the community to explain the circumstances under which he was acting. Terrified at the probability that this untoward occurrence might ultimately blast his prospects, Mordaunt flew to the highest official authority, and pleaded his own cause skilfully. He declared that he had been willing and eager to fulfil his engagements with Miss Manners, and that from some inexplicable caprice, she had rejected him after undergoing all the fatigue and privation of so long a voyage for the avowed purpose of uniting herself with him. And so he won the ear of a man not much addicted to the practice of separating the false from the true, and never able to resist an appeal that flattered his own desire of superiority.

In a few weeks Helen Manners lay quietly ~~—~~ beneath the simple white monument on which her name was recorded. And very few months

had revolved, when Mordaunt became the triumphant husband of the woman whose alliance promised to realize his most ambitious dreams. Hitherto, his course has been prosperous, and *this* episode in his early life is *forgotten*.

COLONEL SCOVELL.

PERHAPS in every army there exists some individual so peculiar that he is known in each regiment, and through all departments. Regimental messes indulge in animated discussions on his merits, and his "manner of life and conversation" furnish anecdotes and amusement to half the societies of which the military form a component part.

The first inquiry a stranger makes as he rides through the cantonment of —pore, on the evening of his arrival, concerns the name and occupation of an individual, who immediately attracts his eye by the meanness of his —ir and the shabbiness of his appointments: albeit the horse he rides is as gallant a charger

as ever carried knight to tourney, attention is absorbed by the equestrian himself. A plain hat of antediluvian form, the hue of which has long since degenerated into brown, put a little backwards on the head, surmounts a round, unmeaning face, unless the cunning twinkling of a pair of very small grey eyes may redeem it from that charge. The features are small, and Dutch; the hair grey, low on the temples, and thin; the cheeks somewhat wrinkled, but florid, and such as do not misbecome a lover of beer and claret; the ears are very large, dark-coloured, and protrude from beneath his hat, like two handles on the sides of a sneaker.* His neck is short, and his shoulders high; but whether he is corpulent or bony, the ample folds of his tarnished brigadier's coat, which hangs on him in little less than the amplitude of a toga, effectually conceal. His black stock is much too wide for him, and generally exhibiting such tokens of decay as are afforded by the sprouting out of a floss-silk fringe, and the invasions

* A large tea-cup.

of the horse-hair stiffeners, which stray beyond the boundaries prescribed by propriety, into the territories of the shirt-collar. The colour of his coat *variegates* between scarlet and purple, accordingly as the weather and other enemies have directed their points of attack. It is "in length magnificent," and its extremities deploy dexterously over his horse's tail. His trowsers shun contact with his short boots, the tops of which cannot be displayed from any vanity regarding their ornate appearance, seeing that, for the greater part, they are eaten by ants and other marauders into a form yet unknown to geometry. The heel-pieces are generally defunct, and the front quarters seem hastening to join their departed companions. Never by any chance, however, are his spurs forgotten; they are the only distinguishing characteristic of his rank as a field-officer on which he appears to value himself; and as they glitter bright and burnished in the sun, one is apt to wonder by what unimaginable combination of human events, so chivalrous an ornament was appended to a person of the most unmilitary

air that ever threw a shade over the warlike scarlet.

This is Colonel Scovell, commanding the whole brigade ; and that collar and those cuffs, which the stranger, mistaking them for black, regards as the insignia of the medical department, were in their spring-tide of existence royal staff-blue ; time and much service have given them this present sober "hue of eld."

One of those connexions which are marked in heraldry by the fatal *bar-sinister*, gave him claims on men in powerful situations, which were realized by his being fixed during a great portion of his years of service in one of those half-civil, half-trading sinecures, which render a man fit for anything rather than for a soldier. But years must bring additional rank, and *that* placed him above the pale of the necessary qualifications for his former appointment. There was a long debate amongst the influential part of the general staff relative to his ultimate disposal. At length it was determined to send him to —pore, which being *very* remote, his errors and imbecility were the less

likely to be brought to the notice of superior authority. A sealed press and a strong party in the *ministry* were his securities; if the force he commanded were badly disciplined, the periodical movements of corps would afford them opportunity of recovery in other stations; if individuals suffered from his prejudices, which were notorious, who was to hear their appeal, when the channel by which it was to be made was *himself*? Open mutiny was the last thing on earth to be expected; and, in short, as Scovell *must* be provided for, every objection became light when weighed against this overpowering necessity.

And so he came to —pore, and remains there,—a monument of the perversion of patronage, and a living record of the blindness, the folly, the culpable neglect of duty, in those who have permitted it.

But the imbecility of Colonel Scovell could never have produced his notoriety: it is more prominent characteristics which mark out a —man from the crowd *famâ aut infamâ*; and if they partake of his inherent littleness, they

may not be the less noxious in their effects. A small reptile may bear a sting the venom of which is mortal.

Much has been said in support of the secret-report system, and much has been said and written against it. "In the army," says a periodical writer, "it is a standing regulation, that an Inspecting-General, and indeed that every Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a regiment, shall make periodically, *confidential* communications upon the merits, the habits, the degree of proficiency in his profession, the manner (good or bad) of performing his duty, and so forth, of every officer under him; it being considered essential to the well-being of the service that the personal character and conduct of every officer should be conveyed to head-quarters, and there understood. Undoubtedly this system vests in officers commanding regiments and districts an enormous discretionary power,—namely, that of whispering away the reputation of men who have no means of defence against caprice or calumny, and who thus may be secretly ruined in the opinion of those on

whom their fortune depends, without their guessing at the hidden cause of their exclusion from every mark of favour. A heavy responsibility indeed rests upon the possessors of such tremendous means of mischief; and if detected in foul play, they will be ruined."

A man high in rank once said—"It requires a strong hand to pluck us; we are too well fledged." And so Colonel Scovell found it;—his missiles charged with secret destruction effected their aim,—in more than one instance with a success *fatal* to the victim driven to despair; but still Colonel Scovell lived, and prospered.

But all this was not sufficient to procure for him the extensive notoriety he enjoyed. There were indeed some who called these official loving-kindnesses by the ungentle name of guilt;—but these might have been committed by a man in the same position, who, in other respects, had the characteristics of an able officer, and he would never *therefore* have stood ~~out~~ from the mass, in the broad and marked attitude of Colonel Scovell. There required a

singular combination of mental traits to render an individual at once the terror, the abhorrence, and the profound contempt, of all within the sphere of his influence. The latter feeling was unmingled in the bosom of those only who were far beyond the reach of his tender mercies.

The lowest faculty of the imagination is the invention of certain fictions which have a tendency to dignify the relater, and procure for him the *wonder*, at least, of his audience. We call this power by various names; embellishment,—extravagance,—vanity in one of its phases;—according to Saint Paul, the Cretans were a proverb for their attainment of the accomplishment, and amongst modern instances we may quote two well-known to fame,—Baron Munchausen and Major Longbow.

Whether Colonel Scovell, by frequent repetition, had at length succeeded in forcing on his own mind a belief of the impossibilities with which he was accustomed to regale every audience he could collect around him, is a problem that has embarrassed many whom he has so favoured. Generally it was supposed that,

pleased originally with the offspring of his fancy, he had dwelt on its beauties until convinced of its real existence,—an undoubted symptom, according to metaphysicians, of hallucination or insanity, the characteristic of which is to confound realities with idealities. From this peculiar feature of his mind, however, if the graver officers regard it with disgust, the younger contrive to extract an inexhaustible fund of amusement. Every report that exceeds the bounds of probability is denominated “*a Scovell*,” and “*Colonel Scovell's last*” furnishes the daily jest of the mess-table. Nor does his rank,—nor all the terrors of his system of *espionage*,—entirely place him beyond the reach of that braver species of satire or ridicule, which is aimed at a *present* object, not a *distant*.

Colonel Scovell is married, but, as his wife has the misfortune to be *half* English, he has been separated from her some years, and soothes the autumn of his days in the pure retirement of an Indian Zenanah. To this state of domestic existence, probably, may be

traced the *peculiar* tone of his conversation. That military skill is essential in an officer occupying a position so prominent as his, is a fact too obvious to be denied; but even the absence of that qualification is less to be regretted, than that his manners should be pre-eminent only in grossness as his morals in vileness. From his convivial parties the young officer retires in disgust, be he as little scrupulous as he may,—and the novice from England in indignation and abhorrence. Happily for Indian society, licence of conversation is now confined to an infinitely small proportion of the worn-out veterans of the army, and even *these* do not venture it in the presence of officers of a certain standing. But that the commander of a large force should stand out conspicuous amongst his inferiors chiefly by the unequalled atrocities of his language,—that his example should avail beyond all power of precept to lead astray the ignorant and inexperienced, is a fact no less appalling in itself, than reflective of shame on those superior authorities who connive at its existence. Colonel

Scovell possesses one grand source of power and influence. His extravagance is limited by the indulgences of the table;—beyond these his economy is as if dictated by a cadet's necessity;—consequently his wealth has accumulated beyond all ordinary calculations.

How far the influence of the golden shower extends, is recorded both “in tale and history.” Therefore the purer the government, the more constantly will its vigilance be exerted to guard against the employment of any functionaries whose necessities may render them accessible to that corruption. The commanders-in-chief of the Indian armies are generally officers of His Majesty's service, whose competence may be unquestionable as far as distinction in their profession can confer it; but their lives having been spent in spheres widely unlike that in which they are to play so responsible a part, it follows that their knowledge of the distinguishing peculiarities of that army whose welfare is in their hands, must be gathered from the officials who surround them. If, therefore, one of these *should* be a

necessitous spendthrift, whose wants compel him to accept the aid proffered by the astute, who regard him as the machine to work their will,—if the profferer *should* be such a man as Colonel Scovell, whose chief mental pleasure is the gratification of private and personal malice,—is it miraculous that many honourable have been disgraced,—many upright ruined,—in a land too where none dares exclaim in the vehemence of his honest indignation—“A curse on these unclean!”

If a voice so weak as the feeble one which is now essaying to be heard in free and just England, could hope to reach those with whom alone lies the power of *redress for the future*,—even if *restitution for the past* be impossible,—its best energies should be spent in the prayer,—“*Purify the government offices! Remove the evil which there ventures to stalk abroad at noon-day!*”

To his other admirable qualities, Colonel Scovell adds an idolatrous veneration of the practices, the prejudices, the faith of the Hin-doos. He thinks the abolition of Suttees an

offence heinous enough to hasten the approach of the tenth Avatar,—if the Brahmins do not err in expecting it. In all points at issue between a native and an European, in vain is evidence given, in vain are facts substantiated,—the case has been prejudged; colour has decided, and *sable* carries the day against the field. But, by some curious construction of mind, the partiality of Colonel Scovell, varying of course between greater and less degrees, *ascends* in proportion to the worthlessness of the object. Probably his axiom is the very benevolent one, that the greater the criminal, the greater his chance of punishment, and the greater, by natural consequence, the charity of rescuing him. Once, when compelled by orders emanating from a higher source, to sanction the execution of a convicted murderer, he vindicated his reluctance, by avowing that, “although undoubtedly the man *had* been proved guilty of the charge against him; his killing of the boy could scarcely be called *murder*, it being apparent that he intended him only as a *sacrifice to his God*!”

This partiality of Colonel Scovell's is so notorious as to be by no means conducive to "the preservation of good order and military discipline," as the Articles of War have it. Every sipahi is aware that he has a certain advantage over his European officer by his power of making such *secret* statements to the *General Saib*, as may suit his own private convenience, or gratify his revenge. In defiance of all the regulations of the Service, it is to be deplored that Colonel Scovell permits constant reports to be made to him by native subordinates, of their immediate European superiors, and regards such reports as a ground of action. Falling instantly into the views of the artful Hindoo, who is acute at detecting the main-spring of his feelings, he hesitates not to set the whole of his *mining* apparatus in action against the object of the secret accuser's enmity. The private-report system *works well* in such cases, as many unfortunates have had reason to deplore. The accused neither called on to explain, nor permitted to defend, has the pleasure of finding himself the subject of

censure, and sometimes of punishment, before he suspects that he has been guilty of the shadow even of a breach of regularity. The accusing Hindoo, to whom the success of his secret complaint is well known, exults doubly at the humiliation of a *feringhee*, and his own officer; he spreads the tidings of his joy amongst his companions, and the effect of his example needs no description. Consequently, a regiment has no sooner entered another station, after four years at ———pore, than a series of courts-martial and punishments are found necessary, to subdue the spirit of mutiny which is roused by the first attempt at the enforcement of discipline. No words can express the annoyances and difficulties experienced by officers under such circumstances; and if the execrations, the scorn of hundreds, *could* have aroused one painful feeling in the unmanly breast of Colonel Scovell, that deep and protracted thunder would, long ere this, have caused him to retire from a service to which he is at once a scourge, and a disgrace.

A RAMBLING ESSAY.

READER, have you ever been in India?—No!—Then you have not the least idea what a jungle is. And truly, for the experimental part of the affair, I hold that “ignorance is bliss.” How for miles, yea, hundreds of miles, the fair face of the earth may be covered with brake and thicket, undignified by one stately tree! Before, behind, around us, spreads the tract of desolation, exhibiting a world of bushes, not often exceeding the stature of a man, and redolent of gales that bring fever and pestilence on their wings. Sometimes there is an oasis in the desert,—a few acres of cleared and cultivated land lying around a congregation of twenty or thirty wretched huts, which, with a

rude shed, distinguished from the rest by a very humble apology for a crimson flag, being the little sanctuary of their superstition, constitute a village. There is a tope of tamarinds affording the shelter to the wayfarer so necessary in this climate; or perchance a more luxuriant one of mangoes, the sickly breath of whose blossoms you inhale with fear and trembling. And over and above all, you see the broad-spreading leaves of the plantains, which are adjacent to the dwelling of the potail,—the little magistrate of the place, from whom, on arriving at your tent, you probably find a tray of fruit awaiting your acceptance.

But what fertility is suffered here to remain dormant! What powers of production are permitted to exhaust their energies in the propagation of rank weeds and useless vegetation! How abundantly the produce of these patches of inhabited ground, repays the small toil expended on them! It will hardly be profane to say in this case—"the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few!"

We advance some miles and there are no

traces of short brush-wood in the stately jungle around us. We have passed through a narrow avenue, bounded on either side by a forest of bamboos, like a cathedral aisle, with its thousand columns. The eye in vain seeks to penetrate the dark mass of forest through which our path lies; all is black and mysterious, an impersonation of death or eternity. The imagination revels in horrors beyond human seeming. It has bidden adieu to every-day life, and feels that it is touching upon the threshold of the tiger's lair, or haply encroaching on the covert of the serpent. Here are many concomitants of sublimity, the unknown, the gloomy, the terrible. And anon, what a picturesque contrast! Our tent is pitched on the bank of a wide river, part of whose stream indeed has been parched by the fierce suns, but the channel of whose deeper waters still flows clear, cool, and refreshing. How it sparkles in the intense light,—golden and glittering as hope itself! And there are the Hindoo girls laving their limbs in the stream, or, like the princesses of Homer, washing their garments

on its banks, lending animation to the picture ! How gentle and delicious is the breeze that now fans the burning brow ! What a repose the whole scene casts over the spirit ! An Epicurean might luxuriate in such a phase of mind ; and a Brahminical philosopher might antedate the intellectual abstraction which he believes will be the attitude of the soul, until it is finally absorbed in Infinite. It is my birthday, and how my thoughts are wandering back into the past, diving into the future ! How strong is the propensity of the mind to shape out things yet to come ! and amongst all the wonders of that wonderful animal, man, perhaps there is no greater than that he, having no security *beyond* the present, should yet live so little for it. The retrospect of one single year must teach us how the developments of time mock all our predictions and presentiments ;—and *ten* years—ah ! “ten years ago,” I should have derided as the wildest of dreamers, him who had ventured to foretell that my foot should one day press the arid plains of India ; that *I* also should visit the

scenes whence the Sultana Scheherazade gathered so much of the lore by which she earned her life,—and that *I* too should have sighed over the dissolving of the spell whose enchantments covered my youth with their glory. Alas ! India is no longer the fairy realm, whose gorgeous splendours visited my youthful visions. It is a land of fervent heat, and real suffering, which brings one's mind into constant subjection to the ills of the body.

We are still buried in this mass of jungle, but it is not all unlovely. Ah, no !—Where is the spot of the Creator's world which furnishes not some tint of the beautiful, or some form of the grand, or some trait of the sublime and terrible ?—

The jungle girdles us, a mighty fence,
Shutting our small encampment from the world,
The stirring world, beyond. Cities and plains,
The stretch of ocean, or the haunts of men,
We do but think on as of pictures fair,
Or glowing things that populate our dreams.
It were a place, where the most world-tired man
Might pitch his habitation. Once, perchance,
Towards the wane of every fortieth moon,

A rude irruption of some warlike horde
Might teach him he had not unlearn't to hate ;
That men still lived, and therefore, he had foes ;—
They pass, a shadow gliding o'er his days,—
'Tis gone—and all is fair. Nor does there want
A volume of mysterious nature, spread
For his instruction and delight. Thousands
Of plants with venom or with healing fraught,
Of flowers dyed in the golden sunset,—tints
Emulous of his, the brightest Archangel's
That shook his plumes in Paradise. Here too
Abound insects innumerable ; some i' the sun
Gambol in glorious armour green and gold,
And some by night shine out, the stars of earth.
How wondrous are the laws of this small people,
The thousand commonwealths that live so near,—
And live at peace ! But not without discussion.
Methinks I hear in their so frequent buzz
The warm debates of each Saint Stephen's chapel,
An insect conclave.

Now we are encamped on the summit of a gentle acclivity, with a river running along one of our flanks, and a broad plain stretching around. About a mile in our rear there is a fortified town, and its gateways, with their Saxon-looking arches, and the fort with its bastions and parapet, are distinctly visible. The servants who visit the village, declare that

that fortress contains a guard of a hundred Arabs, but they carefully conceal themselves from the sight of Europeans, for they are in the pay of his Highness the Nizam, who would fain hold his neighbours of the Company's dominion in ignorance of the extent of his means of offence and defence. Our tent is under the shade of an immense banian tree, whose columnar branches are ranged so regularly that the eye regards them as the pillars of some vast hall. The sky is serenely bright above us; but on the verge of the horizon the hills are still "cloud-capt," threatening us with a repetition of the perils of "lightning and tempest" from which we have so recently been delivered. It is a fearful thing to the wayfarer in this land, to feel how various and multiplied are the poisons in which death may steep his arrows! How widely different are our views of things in sickness and in health! When the terror of death is upon us, when we look closely into the grave, whose brink our foot actually presses; when we watch the hour-glass, and think that the slow-oozing sand

drops all too quickly, since, ere it is exhausted, we too probably shall have passed away ; when we would gladly lay hold on Time, and shudder and faint beneath the overwhelming idea that, despite our efforts, he will but advance another pace, and we are plunged into eternity !—ah ! what *then* profits the gold and the gem ? *Here* is the embroidered garment with its costly array, and *there* is the shroud ; and we have no choice between, for a mightier than we has said, “ *Take thou this !*” And again, when we linger days—weeks—months, and this terror is still upon us, for the danger is not passed, and we feel that the cord by which we cling to life becomes daily more attenuated—ah ! *this* is the time, *this* is the place, when the hope of the Christian, precious as it is at *all* times and at *all* seasons, becomes dearer than all besides that is dearest ! Then, indeed, we feel that “ the peace of God” is of price “ far above rubies,” that HIS word is “ better than gold, yea than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb !” The bravest man cannot resist the influence of this protracted fear ;

here, as in the grave, the spirits of the proud and the meek meet on equal ground. Here we feel that, measured against the omnipotence of God, the most vaunted strength of man is frailer than the reed,—feebler than the breath of the infant,—puny of stature and immature of growth,—affording no power of resistance, helpless and hopeless as age or imbecility!

How awful is the voice of the storm along this unsafe shore! The gushing rain,—the rolling thunder,—the booming waves,—the hoarse surf,—and the struggling wind, as if in passionate conflict with some restraining power,—that tremendous orchestra of the elements, whose awful music seems to warn us of the might of God and the impotence of man, shall these too speak to the soul in vain? Here, where the scythe of the destroyer mows down so many victims, where its edge is always newly-whetted and always blood-stained, is it here that man, in his reckless desperation, regards his Maker least? Is it true that *this soil*, so fertile of evil to the bodies of man, is precisely

the spot on earth where he least remembers that he *has* a soul, and that its worth is infinite? Is it here alone, where our grasp of time is least tenacious, that we are least anxious to prepare for eternity?

Religion, maid celestial, radiant guest,
Foredating Heaven within the human heart,
Why are thy visits in this land so rare?
Exiled from that fair Isle we still call *home*,
Where healthful gales bring healing on their wings,
Chain'd to a land whose rank fertility,
Teeming with means of life, brings certain death,
Are we *still* sleepers? Doth the voice within,
Whispering so often of remember'd ties,
The household charities,—the names we love,—
Parent and *brother*—father, mother, friend,
Forget to breathe one memory of HIM,
The *more* than parent and the *more* than friend?
Eternal Father,—everlasting home!
Doth no chord vibrate to such sounds as these?
Then let us tremble,—tremble at ourselves,
At all around,—at death,—at time,—at life,—
All breathes despair,—for life, how long soe'er,
Must end at last; the fiat hath gone forth
'That TIME shall be no more!' And thou, though
young,
Healthy or happy, strong with giant's strength,
Sinews of brass or iron, yea, THOU must die!

Whence is it that these things, true and

obvious as they always are, press so heavily on my spirit *now*? Surely it is not matter of melancholy that eternity succeeds to time,—that this “mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption.” Yea, it *is* matter of rejoicing, but “with trembling.” The *world of spirits*!—the veil of the shrine is to be torn away, and the innermost secrets of the sanctuary to be disclosed!—the thoughts of the heart revealed!—that heart “deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!” It is a revelation to be apprehended with awe.

Poor Aimsworth is gone! There is sickness in the camp, and he has been one of its earliest victims. He was the gayest, the kindest, the bravest spirit amongst us,—one around whom existence seemed to be throwing her brightest hopes,—who scarcely extended his hand but to gather a flower. He was the pride of many friends,—the delight of many hearts. And all this now is as nothing. HE smote, before whom the “strong man boweth himself,” and before the youth had time to say, “God be

merciful to me a sinner!"—his sun was gone down "whilst it was yet day."

We halted yesterday, to deposit his remains in their final resting-place. I watched the funeral-party as they stood under the shade of the tope where they had dug his obscure grave, in all the pride of their military array. It was somewhat after day-break; but the grey morning was rising in sad and gloomy hues. There was mist on every hill, and the trees were dropping the heavy dews, and all looked forlorn and melancholy, even as the occasion seemed to demand. A pall of mourning concealed the brightness of nature, and the human hearts, yet instinct with life, trembled painfully amidst the solemnity of the scene.

The last military honours were paid to the pride of the regiment; the last look was given to his grave; and that day wore away heavily. There was no sound of mirth issuing from the tent where the officers held their mess, for the chair of the gay one was empty; and the first time we miss the accustomed face, and know that we shall look on it no more, hard as our

hearts may be, *then* we feel that part of us is gone! But, alas! the impression is hardly durable enough to be salutary! These contingencies are of so frequent occurrence in this land, that even now are heard the voices of those who loved him, saying, "Where death is so common, were we to grieve long, our life would pass away in mourning!" And the sun rose brightly this morning, and the band played cheerily, and all nature seemed redolent of joy, and the young men vaulted on their steeds, and rode proudly as of yore, and the name of Aimsworth ceased to be more than a memory amongst them!

We have arrived at a village, the inhabitants of which are chiefly Brahmins. We are encamped on a plain stretching downwards to a bright clear tank, rippling and sparkling in the breeze and sunshine. On the opposite bank lies the village, shielded by topes of trees, close under the shadow of a hill that stretches its summit far into the sky. The Pagoda, a large and radiantly white pile of buildings, stands on the summit; and now that

the sun is full upon it, the chunam is absolutely dazzling. Already our people are making pilgrimages to the shrine of the idol, and scores of Brahmins are hovering round the outskirts of the camp, with their bare heads—some completely shaved, some with a single lock of hair remaining on the crown, tied and knotted in a bow. How picturesque an air do they give to the landscape, clad in their snow-white garments, with their drapery of salmon-coloured scarfs,—thrown out in strong relief from the dark back-ground! And the day is so brilliant!—all nature seems decked for the celebration of some high festival. And how rich *her* decorations!—There is on my table a vase,—no, let me not give it so imposing a name; no *vase* forms a part of camp-equipage;—a large tumbler of water, on which lies the most glorious of flowers, the LOTUS. *This* is indeed a meet cradle in which the love-god may float down the brightest of streams. Its leaves, softer than velvet, of a pure cream-colour,—full, numerous, and large, stretching far beyond the circumference of the vessel;—

in its centre is a petal, like an inverted cone, of bright yellow, spotted, in regular *quincunx*, with shining amber spots, palpably distinguishable from the ground-work. Altogether it is the most magnificent flower that ever gladdened my eyes, for I dearly love flowers, and rich and varied are they in this orient land. Sight, however, is the only sense they delight, for the few that exhale any perfume, possess it too overpoweringly to be gratifying to an European. The wreaths of white flowers—mullee pooloo, or moogra ka phool—with which the natives deck their guests at the celebration of their religious festivals or marriage feasts, render the whole atmosphere most painfully oppressive. The rose only,—delicious everywhere,—the delight of every climate from “Indus to the Pole,”—yields its breath of fragrance to the wind’s wooing, in that pure sweetness which was the delight of my youth, and the *only* sweetness that made me forget that “the violets were gone!”

In this place, a very short time since, the rite of the Suttee was celebrated with a fre-

quency that rendered it particularly obnoxious to Europeans. But an enlightened Government has, by one vigorous measure, prevented the future perpetration of this enormity. I have inquired of many intelligent natives, whether they believe that the sacrifice is usually voluntary on the part of the victim; and, averse as they are to lift up the veil from their own superstition, which woos not—which cannot accept proselytes, still their evasions are more than sufficiently explanatory. I have heard also from officers who have been present on these occasions, that the cries of the woman, at the last dread moment, when, bound down to the pile, she first begins to feel the pain of the scorching flames, were frequently audible far above the crashing of the native band which thundered on the ears, or the yells of the devotees that were prostrate around. Indeed, instances of resistance have been known, vain and hopeless as the attempt must be, when so many relatives were interested in preventing an escape that must cover *them* with infamy, and deprive the poor sufferer of all those ties and

“appliances of life,” which make existence desirable. The dread of this horrible death, however, has occasionally been so intense as to overcome all other fears.

—Hark!—the widow’s wail!—
Ill-boding sound, frightening the sunny air,
How most unmeet for worlds so fair as this!—
That were a shriek beseeming Satan’s halls,
The choral hymn of demons!—Sons and daughters,
Hear it, and weep not!—Sisters—brothers—friends—
The whole collected charities of life,
Have garlanded the victim, and surround
The pyre with festal music and with *prayer*;
The priesthood, with a pomp of holy show,
With signs mysterious, and with blessings loud,
Hallow the sacrifice; and the mad crowd
Yell forth their frantic joy. Her hour is come,
And her dark eye is bent upon the bier,
The couch of flames prepared for deep repose.
Glazed is that eye, and fix’d, and cold as death,
But not like death, so deeply calm. Her cheek
Pales, and her brow is cover’d with the dew
Of fear,—of deathful anguish, mortal pain.
Through every nerve,—over her quivering flesh,—
Th’ expected horror creeps;—one last wild look,
Above,—around:—strength gathers from despair;
Shame,—hatred,—ties dissolved,—the loss of love,—
The brand of outcast,—poverty’s deep curse,—
All sink to nothingness; the present death
Absorbs all other sense; she bounds,—she flies,—

remarkable manner the fruit of the kumquat, or dwarf "golden orange" of the Chinese. But these unnatural unions, so Ibn Wahshya warns us, will only succeed if special precautions are taken: "When a tree is grafted into another at the time of a certain conjunction of sun and moon, and is fumigated with certain substances whilst a formula is uttered, that tree will produce a thing that will be found exceedingly useful. . . . The branch which is to be grafted must be in the hand of a beautiful damsel, whilst a male person has disgraceful and unnatural sexual intercourse with her; during that intercourse the woman grafts the branch into the tree."⁶³

Ibn Wahshya was probably just adding the last stroke of the pen to his "Book of Nabataean Agriculture," when another Baghdadi, Ishâq Ibn Imrân, was invited to Kairwân, the capital of Tunisia, to act as court physician to the last Aghlabite Emir, Ziadet Allah III (903-909), surnamed the Parricide. His activities there, which consisted mainly in supervising the prince's diet, do not seem at all to have been well appreciated, for when Ishâq had only been a few years at Kairwân, his fiendish patient, after having put him to death by having the veins of his arms severed, ordered the body to be nailed to a cross where it was left hanging until a bird of prey made its nest in it. Yet, during his few years spent in Kairwân, Ishâq Ibn Imrân managed to write an extremely valuable "Treatise of the Simple Remedies," of which the Munich Library possesses a copy (MS. No. 805), and which has been drawn upon by most subsequent Arab medical writers, in particular by Ibn al-Beithâr who quotes it over a hundred and fifty times;⁶⁴ amongst Ishâq Ibn Imrân's many prescriptions we find hot citronade (or lemonade) mentioned as a remedy against fever, and citron-peel as an appetizer.⁶⁵

Ishâq Ibn Imrân's pupil, the Egyptian Jew, Isaac Ben Shlomoh, better known as Ishâq Ibn Suleymân al-Israeli, who had followed his teacher to Kairwân where he spent the rest of his life—he died in 932—composed there a "Treatise of the Foodstuffs"⁶⁶ (MS. No. 5086 of the National Library at Madrid) which has been for several

⁶³ JY, Part III, Ch. xxxvii (p. 337).

⁶⁴ IY, Vol. I, pp. 408-409. EE, pp. 31-33.

⁶⁵ HU, Vol. I, p. 24. ⁶⁶ EE, p. 8.

centuries one of the principal reference books in use with Arabic speaking doctors. "The juice of the citron (or citrus?),” says al-Israeli, "has subtilizing, incisive, and refreshing properties; it extinguishes the inflammation of the liver, fortifies the stomach, and excites the appetite; it neutralizes an excess of bile, and causes anxiety, which is a consequence of the latter, to disappear; it slakes thirst and arrests bilious evacuations and vomiting. . . . If ink is dropped on a piece of clothing and the latter is rubbed with citron, the ink disappears.⁶⁷ Taken internally, the juice of the citron is a useful remedy against poisons. . . . A decoction made of the seeds, used as a toothwash, has a tonic effect on the gums.”⁶⁸

For nearly a whole century after al-Israeli, citrus fruits are not found mentioned in the medical writings of the Arabs, the only exception being a "Book of Remedies," by a Syrian author whom later writers refer to as the Damascene, which contains a prescription for extracting the essential oils of the peel and the seeds of the sour orange.⁶⁹ But around the year 1030 there appeared Avicenna's "Canon of Medicine" (*Qanûn fi-Tibb*) the most widely read and commended of all medical works in the Middle Ages, alike in the Arab and in the Latin world. Abu Ali el-Huseyn Ibn Sina (980-1037)—Avicenna is the name by which he is known in European literature—was born in Bokhara, where, after studying philosophy and medicine when still practically a boy, an almost miraculous cure which he effected at the age of seventeen made his name famous as that of one of the foremost physicians of the age, a reputation which contributed to invest his writings with an authority that remained long unchallenged. In connection with citrus fruits, the "Canon" contains little that is original, except the statement that the peel of the citron (or citrus?), kept in one's mouth, not only purifies the breath and makes it pleasant, but is a useful preventive against infection by the plague,⁷⁰ and a number of recipes for the use of the juice of the sour orange in the preparation of syrups and other pharmaceutical mixtures.⁷¹

⁶⁷ HU, Vol. I, p. 22 (§ 16).

⁶⁸ HU, Vol. I, p. 24 (§ 16).

⁶⁹ AL, p. 247-248.

⁷⁰ CM, Book II, Ch. ii, § 37.

⁷¹ CM, Book V, Ch. I, § 6.

darkens for an instant the sanctuary of our domestic hearth.—It is a great sacrifice of selfishness to be a true patriot,—an upright servant of the commonwealth. The difference between private and public life is as that between a pleasant ramble on the green bank of a placid and gently-flowing river, and a voyage on a stormy and boundless ocean, whose tempestuous waves and agitated swell, seem every instant to threaten shipwreck and destruction.

How welcome are letters from home!—Yet what a soul-sickness prevents one from immediately reading their contents! They may bring intelligence of sorrowful import,—such perhaps as our enfeebled minds and bodies are all too weak to encounter. Who are gone—who are left, in that distant hemisphere, from which so large an interval both of time and space divides us?—What a deep thankfulness when the important sheet is read, and we find all we have to lament is our own protracted absence from those whose wishes are so fondly breathed for our return! Every letter proves the mistaken notions which the generality of

well-educated people continue to entertain relative to the splendours of India. Pearls and jewels still glitter in their imaginations, despite of all that has been said or written.— And therefore parents are still anxious that their boys shall realize the bright vision, and appointments to India are still assiduously sought.

So, forth he sends his child beloved, and breathes
A father's blessing on his youthful head.
Tears sanctify the parting, and a sigh
Of fond reluctance mourns the sacrifice.
But this is smother'd,—those are dried,—full soon.
Through the bright vista of ten fleeting years
He looks with eye of hope, and smiles to think,
Ere time o'er that small space hath wing'd his flight,
He shall embrace his boy, enrich'd with wealth,
To gild his noon of life with comforts,—ease,—
Some luxuries, perchance, to gratify
His oriental appetite for show
And love of vain display. The father hence
Extracts full consolation, and imparts
To the regretting boy, who forms, but speaks not,
Some almost unintelligible wish,
Not to be sever'd from his mother's side.
Shame checks his tongue;—his father's eye,
Pregnant with hope, is on him, and he leaps
The vessel's stately side; on the broad deck

Jamīya's dissertations on the lemon, and he might aptly be called the theorist of the art of the preparation and use of lemonades. It is also in Ibn Jamīya that we first meet with a recipe for preserving lemons, which all subsequent writers have copied and which has been widely used throughout the Middle Ages and right up to modern times: "Take lemons that are fully ripe and of bright yellow colour; cut them open without severing the two halves and introduce plenty of fine salt into the split; place the fruits thus prepared in a glass vessel having a wide opening and pour over them more lemon juice until they are completely submerged; now close the vessel and seal it with wax and let it stand for a fortnight in the sun, after which store it away in a cool place for at least forty days; but if you wait still longer than this before eating them, their taste and fragrance will be still more delicious and their action in stimulating the appetite will be stronger."⁷⁸

With Ibn al-Beithâr, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of Ibn Jamīya's booklet on the lemon, we come to the last important Arabic writer who treated of the medical virtues and uses of citrus fruits. The greatest by far of all Arab botanists, Dhya ed-Din Abu Mohammed Abdallah ben Ahmed el-Malaqi, better known as Ibn al-Beithâr (i.e. the son of the veterinary), was born at Malaga in southern Spain—hence the name *el-Malaki*—in or about 1197, and devoted himself almost from childhood to the twofold study of medicine and botany. In 1219 he left his native country and, crossing over into Africa, started on a long journey eastward through Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli to Egypt, collecting everywhere the plants of the countries and the books of botanical writers. On his arrival in Egypt, Malek el-Kâmel, the then reigning sultan, took him into his service and appointed him inspector of the herborists, or, according to another version, chief of the physicians, of Egypt; taking up his headquarters now at Cairo and now at Damascus, he continued his travels of exploration, studying in turn the plant-life of Arabia, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and part of Asia Minor, incessantly and untiringly, and in a spirit of scientific thoroughness far in advance of the

⁷⁸ AR, p. 12b. AS, p. 114. HU, III, p. 259.

ordinary standard of the age. His friend and disciple Ibn Ali Ossaybiah has written that whilst exploring together with Ibn al-Beithâr the country around Damascus, where they identified many new plants, they always carried with them "the writings of Dioscorides, of Galen, and of El-Ghafeki, and other similar works." Ibn al-Beithâr was in Damascus when death overtook him in 1248.⁷⁹

It was by the order of El-Malek's son and successor Es-Salah Najm ed-Din Ayub that Ibn al-Beithâr undertook the compilation of his principal and most famous work, *Jami al-Mufridat*, i.e. the "Dictionary of the Simple Remedies," which is dedicated to that prince.⁸⁰ In it the author has described in alphabetical order all the vegetable, animal, and mineral drugs used in his time, making of course, a lavish use of the writings of his predecessors, but in each case after taking great care to control their statements and to supplement them through personal observation. About half of this enormous treatise is made up of quotations from Greek sources, in particular from the works of Dioscorides and Galen, whose discourses on drugs are reproduced *in extenso*; the other half comprises quotations from Arabic, Jewish, Persian, Syrian, Chaldean, and Indian writers whose works were available at the time in Arabic translations. In each case Ibn al-Beithâr takes care to mention the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken, and for every one of the 1,400 plants or so of which he treats he mentions all the different Arabic names by which it was known. Since the days of Dioscorides until as late as the Renaissance there has been produced no work on botany comparable in value or importance with the "Dictionary of the Simple Remedies." Amongst Ibn al-Beithâr's personal contributions to medical lore in regard to citrus fruit, the most interesting ones are probably some of his notes on citron oil, which he recommends as a cure for many evils. "It has a wonderfully warming effect when used in frictions on the sole of the traveller's feet in cold weather; applied to an aching joint, it relieves the pain; it is useful against paralysis, twitches, shivers, cramp, sciatica, pains in the joints or in the back, . . . pains in the kidneys caused by cold, toothache due to a similar cause . . . ; rubbed into

⁷⁹ HU, I, pp. vi-ix.

⁸⁰ HU, I, p. 1. KN, III, p. 228.

distant more than a mile, and which the red sand of the soil in the dry season renders, if not impassable, at least so disagreeable, as to tempt us to very rare migrations from our nest.

There are beauties, however, about the neighbourhood, although we are not so fortunate as to be within sight of them. The magnificent Godavery passes beneath the brow of the hill on which the fort is situated, flowing through its broad pathway to the sea. Beyond it, there are ranges of hills of the most fantastic forms; and topos and jungle give a sylvan character to the whole. I am afraid, however, that suffering warps the mind sadly. The really picturesque features of the view are shrouded by imaginings of all the horrors to which such redundant vegetation must be continually contributing. Every gale seems pregnant with miasma, and every breath consequently is drawn with fear and trembling. The *fatalism* of the Hindoos enables them to regard all these dangers with inconceivable apathy. The extent of the influence this doctrine of necessity exercises over all their actions, is asto-

nishing. To all your arguments of expediency or in expediency they invariably reply,—“Of what use? That which is to be, will be.” I pointed out to an intelligent native, who reported the fact of a band of robbers being in the neighbourhood, and the probability of their making an inroad into the town, the impolicy of his keeping a large sum of money in his house, which, as usual, had not the security of a single lock. He shook his head with an expression half grave, half indifferent, and said, “He never *had* been robbed; he always had large sums of money in his possession. If the appointed hour were come, how could he avoid it? If he were to lose the money, what mattered the removing of it? He should not lose it less because he had deposited it elsewhere. How could he guard against that which *must be*?” They oppose these opinions to every advice you may offer that runs counter to their prejudices. The Brahmin *caste* will rarely in extremity voluntarily seek the aid of an English surgeon, and they will never submit to bleeding or amputation except on compulsion. If

“Che Sara, Sara” — the motto of the

for one and the same fruit, it is quite possible that by the *turunj* of Abu'l Huseyn a sweet orange was meant.

A few years after the appearance of Mas'ûdi's "Golden Meadows," Al-Istakhri (Abu Ishâq al-Farsi al-Istakhri), a native of Istakhr in the Persian province of Fars, a great traveller, trustworthy as an observer if poor as a botanist, wrote his *Masâleh al-mamâlek*, or "The Book of the Countries," in which he mentions having seen *utruj* (a term which here is certainly used for citrus fruits generally) grown in Ram Hormuz on the Persian Gulf⁸⁶ and in Balkh⁸⁷ (in present Afghanistan), whilst in treating of Mansûra in the Punjab he describes a variety of sour limes, *laimûnah*, grown in the district.⁸⁸ Ibn Jubayr (Abu'l Huseyn Mohammed Ibn Ahmed Ibn Jubayr) of Valencia in Spain, secretary to a king of Granada, and thrice a pilgrim to the Holy Cities of Arabia between 1183 and 1217, mentions in his diary *utruj* amongst the fruits found on the markets and in the shops of Mecca.⁸⁹

In Palestine and Syria, Shams ed-Din Abu' Abdallah Mohammed Ahmed al-Bashari, a native of Jerusalem and therefore commonly known as Muqadassi (i.e. the Jerusalemite), a traveller through many countries, whose "Description of the Lands of Islam" is considered the most original among the more important Arabic geographies of the middle ages, mentions the *utruj*—some manuscripts read *utrunj*—and *nâranj* among the articles of commerce of these countries.⁹⁰ Some sixty years later (1047) the Persian poet and traveller Nasir-i-Khusraw published the *Sefer-Nameh*, or "Treatise of Travel," in which he relates in detail all that befell him and all he saw on his journey from Merv in Khorassan across Persia, Iraq, and Asia Minor to Aleppo, Jerusalem, Mecca, and Cairo. Outside Tripoli on the Syrian coast, he found the countryside covered with large fields of sugar-cane and with groves of *nâranj* (sour oranges), *turunj* (possibly sweet oranges, as suggested by Ch. Schefer, the French editor and translator of the book), bananas, and *laimû*

⁸⁶ HZ, p. 166. IA (German translation), p. 59.

⁸⁷ HZ, p. 173. IA (German translation), p. 120.

⁸⁸ HZ, p. 280. IA (German translation), p. 83.

⁸⁹ HX, p. 120. HY, p. 96.

⁹⁰ KW, p. 71. KX (English translation), p. 71.

(lemons);⁹¹ and the Palestinian sea-port of Caesarea he describes as "a fine city, with running waters and palm-groves, and *nâranj* (sour orange) and *turunj* (sweet orange?) trees."⁹² An anonymous Christian pilgrim who, it is believed, visited Palestine before the year 1187, says that in that country "there are lemon trees, whose fruit is acid, and other trees which bear fruit called Adam's apple (= the shaddock) wheron the marks of Adam's teeth may be right plainly seen . . . There are also cedar trees (= citron trees) which bear a great fruit, as big as a man's head, but somewhat oblong . . . And you must know that the cedar of Lebanon is an exceedingly tall tree, but bears no fruit; but the cedar of the sea-coast is small, and bears fruit."⁹³ On the 10th of September, 1191, Richard Coeur-de-Lion's army of English crusaders, who three days previously had defeated the sultan Saladin at the battle of Arsuf, arrived at Jaffa, where they found the town in such a ruined state that they could not find lodgings in it. They, therefore, encamped outside the walls in an olive garden where—in the words of Geoffrey de Vinsauf, the chronicler of Richard's Crusade—"they refreshed themselves with abundance of fruits, figs, grapes, pomegranates, and citrons, produced by the country around."⁹⁴ The absence of any reference to oranges or lemons may be either due to Geoffrey de Vinsauf using the term "citron" for citrus fruits generally, or, more probably I think, to the fact that in Palestine citrons are the only citrus fruits that are mature early in September, whilst lemons and shaddocks are not sufficiently ripe for use until a month, and oranges not until two months, later.

The passage quoted above from the Anonymous Pilgrim was incorporated, a few decades later, by Jacques de Vitry in the account of the fruits of Palestine which he included in his "History of the Crusades." A parish priest in Argenteuil, an unimportant township in the north of France, Jacques de Vitry had, by preaching the Crusade against the Albigenses, won both notoriety and an influence which he decided to devote entirely to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. Appointed Bishop of Acco (Acre)

⁹¹ LC, p. 17. LB, p. 40. LB₂, p. 6.

⁹² LC, p. 26. LB, p. 61. LB₂, p. 20.

⁹³ CC, pp. 34-35.

⁹⁴ PR, p. 247.

PINDARRIE ANECDOTE.

AT the time when the flying bands of the Pindarries hovered over the Indian empire, spreading desolation and terror wherever they appeared,—when none could be secure that their next ravages would not scatter ruin around him,—it is surprising that many districts yet preserved a sense of security; or rather perhaps that apathy to all evil that is not immediate, which so strongly characterizes the Hindoo people, led them to prefer the enjoyment of their usual habits and habitations, to the trouble of taking those precautionary measures by which, in many cases, some lives at least might have been saved.

The little fort of Shahpore stands in the midst of a wide plain, over which the eye ranges

until a chain of distant hills limits the horizon. Over the surface occasional tops of stately pal-mira trees, or of the broad-spreading cocoa-nut, are sprinkled ;—the bed of a small rivulet also winds across its extent, the channel of which is dry except in the rainy season. At other times it forms a ravine, which is used as a pathway more frequently than the bandy * road, because it saves some ground, and every native prefers the shorter path, even if its ruggedness cost him threefold the time necessary to accomplish his journey by the longer.

The natives dwell in a small pettah situated some hundred yards from the fort. In the opposite direction are the lines of the sipahis, a battalion of whom is always stationed here. The houses of the officers generally stand on the glacis ;—the two or three exceptions consist of the commandant's house and some public buildings within the walls.

At the period to which this little anecdote refers, rumours were abroad that a Pindarrie band was hanging about the neighbourhood ;

* A two-wheeled cart.

which are big round oranges."¹⁰⁰ Of this same garden the English traveller Henry Maundrell, who saw it exactly fifty years later, left the following description: "It contains a large quadrangular plat of ground, divided into sixteen lesser squares, four in a row, with walks between them. The walks are shaded with orange trees, of a large spreading size, and all of so fine a growth both for stem and head, that one cannot imagine anything more perfect in this kind. They were, at the time when we were there, as it were, gilded with fruit, hanging thicker upon them than ever I saw apples in England. Every one of the sixteen lesser squares in the Garden was border'd with stone; and in the stone-work were troughs very artificially contriv'd, for conveying the water all over the Garden: there being little outlets cut at every tree, for the stream, as it pass'd by, to flow out, and water it. Were this place under the cultivation of an English gardener, it is impossible any thing could be more delightful. But the *Hesperides* were put to no better use, when we saw them, than serve as a fold for sheep and goats; insomuch that in many places they were up to the knees in dirt. On the East side of this Garden were two terrace walks rising one above the other, each of them having an ascent to it of twelve steps. They had both several fine spreading orange trees upon them, to make shades in proper places. And at the north end they led into booths, and summer-houses, and other apartments very delightful, this place being design'd by *Faccardine* for the chief seat of his pleasure."¹⁰¹

In 1673 the padre Anthony Gonzales wrote that in the Levant "citrons and lemons were cheaper than ordinary apples in our country, practically every dish being adorned with them . . . In Calabria I saw very fine citrons weighing several pounds apiece, but those at Tripoli, in Syria, are still bigger, as big as ordinary melons, so that I dare not state their weight since it would sound incredible." As to oranges, "although Italy has an over-abundance of orange trees, yet in the East and in Egypt the oranges are incomparably more numerous, better, and bigger; there is hardly a garden, no matter how small it may be, without its orange tree, in some gardens even the hedges being

¹⁰⁰ KS, Vol. II, pp. 335.

¹⁰¹ KI, pp. 39-40.

made of them."¹⁰² A few years later (1682), the Dutch painter Cornelis de Bruyn describes and illustrates some giant "Buddha-hand" type of citrons from Gaza, one of which was "at least fourteen inches long and five and three-quarter inches in diameter";¹⁰³ he also mentions the "large number of gardens and the many orange trees of Sidon."¹⁰⁴

In regard to Egypt, we have already dealt with the references to the culture of citrus fruits in Mas'ûdi's "Golden Meadows" of the middle of the tenth century. Much more definite and precise is the information provided by the Baghdad physician Muwaffaq ed-Din Abd el-Latif ben Yûsuf (1160-1231) in the first chapter of his "Description of Egypt": "Of the sour fruits (*hamidhât*) there are to be found in Egypt many different kinds which I have never seen in Iraq. Among these are the big citrons, the like are hardly to be met with in Baghdad, as well as the sweet citron, which contains no acidity at all. Amongst the fruits peculiar to Egypt one must also count the lemons that are called compound, of which there are several varieties some of them as big as a watermelon; also another kind of lemon called *mukhattam*, or "sealed," which is of a very dark and more lively red colour than the *nâranj*, perfectly round, slightly flattened above and below as if one had crushed it by the forcible impression of a seal up it . . . Some citrons contain within them another citron complete with its yellow peel . . . I have seen similar ones in the Ghôr (= the deep rift of the Jordan and the Dead Sea valley, in Palestine). It is in the sour citron that this inner citron is to be found. These different forms enter into combinations with each other, and this results in an infinite number of varieties."¹⁰⁵ The sour citron containing another smaller citron within it is obviously a fruit presenting the peculiar malformation which American orange growers call "navel"; the "compound lemon" is already found mentioned in Ibn el-Jamîya, who defines it as the tree obtained through grafting a lemon scion on citron stock;¹⁰⁶ as to the term *hamidhât* (sour fruits), it is clear that we have here the

¹⁰² GT, vol. II, pp. 372-373. ¹⁰³ DK, p. 297 and fig. 150.

¹⁰⁴ DK, p. 322. ¹⁰⁵ BK, Book I, ch. ii (p. 31).

¹⁰⁶ HU, III, p. 258.

ately directed to shelter themselves in the fort, whilst he went direct to the commandant to report the existing state of things, and receive instructions accordingly.

The storm had ceased, and the full-orbed moon shone out brightly and clearly over every object. The white clouds undulating through the heavens, reflected her brilliant light, and the adjutant was acute enough to know that the Pindarries, if indeed they *were* approaching, were deprived of that sheltering obscurity in the expectation of which probably their plans had been matured. As he went along, he roused the officers from their slumber; and nearly the whole of the dignitaries of the regiment were in seemly array, at his side, when he reached the dwelling of the colonel.

The whole party, with the commandant at their head, ascended the ramparts, and from the highest summit looked out to see if there were any appearance of the approaching danger. As if the whole credit of this night's events were to fall to the share of the adjutant, he

was the first to discern a multitude of tiny figures, not larger than the puppets of the fantoccini at the distant point from which they were discernible. Guarded by his observation, the whole party were not slow in corroborating the fact by the evidence of their own senses; and a council of war being convened on the instant, it was carried unanimously that the whole military force, as well as the inhabitants, should enter the fort, lock the gates, man the walls, and "do great things at an advantage."

The drum beat "to arms," and the sipahis, already roused, speedily obeyed the call. They came in rapidly by tens and twenties, and proceeded to their various posts. The peaceable part of the inhabitants were quickly hastening to the fort, and the sentries at the gate were ready to close its heavy leaves when the last lingerer should have passed. And there was little time for tardiness, or for reluctant looking back to the homes that were quitted; for the figures that had appeared at first so small, were now visible in their proper dimensions,

and every man on the walls could see, that the party was well-mounted, well-armed, and numerous.

Already the colonel had directed his adjutant to give the necessary signal for the closing of the gate, when the attention of the latter was arrested by the sight of a female figure, carrying an infant in her arms, hastening forward with all the rapidity her burden permitted. The signal therefore was delayed, for there was much interest in the scene, painful but exciting. The Pindarries were evidently gaining ground, and the girl's steps were tottering, as if she fainted beneath the exertion; and the heart of every spectator beat with fear for the result.

But there was *one* on whose brow large drops of agony were standing, for he knew that those two who were in such extreme jeopardy, were they around whom every affection of his soul would have thrown the mantle of his protection. "It is Ummiah and her child!" said a voice near the adjutant; and he saw the sipahi who had uttered the words,

dart from his post. There was no time to recall him, even if there had been the inclination;—but the adjutant suspected the truth, and the next moment the appearance of the man rushing from the gate, and bounding forward into the plain, confirmed that suspicion.

The adjutant's whole soul now became interested in the matter. He saw plainly enough that the individual was Appiah, who for his good conduct was already marked for promotion, on the very first vacancy after the supernumeraries *should be absorbed*. The man flew along with a speed that almost dazzled the eye; and he reached the objects of his anxiety just in time to catch his child from the arms of the fainting mother. With one hand he clasped it to his bosom, and with the other arm encircling his wife's waist, he retreated with all the speed such a burden would permit.

The Pindarries neared the fort. In vain the commandant ordered the adjutant to give the signal, and declared that the lives of two must be sacrificed to preserve the lives of

many. The adjutant, if hard of nerve, was not hard of heart; and if he did not *refuse* obedience, he delayed it. Meanwhile Appiah toiled on and onwards, and he heard the heavier trampling of the horses' hoofs, and he thought he felt their breath upon his neck. Gathering up his strength for the last desperate effort, for already the gate seemed turning on its hinges ready to shut out him and all he loved from hope and life,—panting,—breathless,—his starting veins swelling almost to bursting,—every object dancing before his eyes,—he bounded once—twice—as a courser just commencing a race,—and the third time he had passed the gate!

An instant more and it had rolled heavily on its creaking hinges, and the unwieldy machinery of its fastenings was adjusted—and the baffled spoilers who had been drawn nearer to the fort than prudence warranted, in their eager hope of outstripping the so hardly rescued, fell thickly beneath the shots from the ramparts. They were too exposed to the

heavy fire to venture on the commission of those devastations which formed the principal feature of their predatory warfare; and very soon they were seen scattered in all directions, and flying across the plain, until finally they disappeared.

Meanwhile Appiah had relinquished his precious burden to the care of the many hands stretched out to aid him. The child, all unconscious of its danger or escape, moaned in the midst of the strange faces and stranger noises around it. Ummiah, the young mother, looked on the boy,—then on Appiah, who had fallen prostrate in a state of utter exhaustion. They brought water, and she, flinging herself by his side, put it to his lips, but, parted as they were, they received it not. She bathed his brow, and she looked into his open eyes, but they were fixed, and gave no sign of recognition. She felt his heart—its pulse had ceased;—his limbs fell powerless from her touch. Motionless he lay there, and some said it was a deep swoon. And they brought the

aid of the skilful, and Ummiah looked in his face as he attempted to draw her husband's blood, and she saw that it was hopeless !

The widow's wail,—the frantic cry of her agony,—proclaimed to the bystanders, that Appiah had purchased the safety of his wife and his son *with his life*.

LE PETIT NEZ RETROUSSÉ.

“WELL, what news have you this morning?” said I to my dubash, as he was preparing my *dejeuner* with a countenance evidently expectant of this query.

“Ship come from England, Sar,” said he.

“A ship!” said I, brightening at the thought of letters from home. “When did she anchor?”

“Three o’clock morning time, Sar, I hear. My brother dubashee too, Sar, same way like me. My brother go to that ship, speak to gentlemen, Sar, to take him sarvice, Sar; got very good character, my brother, Sar,—very good man.”

"Yes, I dare say,—all good men, Shaik. So your brother has got service, has he?"

"Yes, Sar; got, Sar. Very fine gentleman gone to Governor Saïb;—very fine gentleman!"

"Yes, Shaik, very fine gentleman. Suppose he goes to Governor Burra Saïb, bahadur! Very fine gentleman that makes, Shaik!"

"But this too much good gentleman, Sar. All same like one lord. Not call that gentleman like all sirdars. Ship people tell same way like one Khan."

"Plenty of passengers?" asked I, not able exactly to comprehend how the debarkation of 'one lord' could be accomplished with so little éclat.

"Plenty gentleman, Sar;—got some ladies too, Sar. Not like the lord saïb;—my brother tell me call that gentleman Sar Charlées Hamiltone, saïb."

I had no thought to inquire how, in so inconceivably short a space, his brother had contrived to absent himself from his new master, and communicate this important fact to my

bustling, clever, little rascal of a dubashee. I was so delightfully surprised by the possibility that this individual, 'all the same like one Khan,' might be my best, my dearest friend, Sir Charles Hamilton.

"Surely it cannot be!" exclaimed I, pursuing my thoughts aloud. "What on earth could bring *him*, a wealthy baronet, to India?"

"Sar Charlées Hamiltöne, saïb, come command regiment, Sar,—Majesty's regiment.—Cölönel, Sar, that gentleman;—old Cölönel dead more one year, Sar. Sar Charlées Hamiltöne, saïb, come for new Colonel."

This solved the problem. *It could* be no other than *my* Sir Charles; and to make assurance doubly sure, I dispatched a chit forthwith.

With inconceivable satisfaction I contemplated the characters of my own name traced on the envelope of the reply; for every line—every curve—bore decided testimony to the penmanship of my friend. I opened and read:—

“ I have been very few hours in the ‘golden orient,’ but long enough to have thought of you, and to have made inquiries after you. I find an idle gentleman, on a visit of curiosity, so unaccustomed a guest in this world of the antipodes, that every body I have seen, — pretty many for the time, — is able to give me a mite of information. Pray come to me immediately; my people are bringing in my traps, but in an hour’s time we shall be ‘quiet and confidential’ in my own suite.

“ Your’s as ever,

“ CHARLES HAMILTON.”

“ CHARLES HAMILTON !” The honey of Hyblæa never was more welcome to parched lips, than these magic words to my soul. I was hungering and thirsting for sympathy and confidence, and here was the promise of both in the richest abundance.

Within the hour I found my hand warmly clasped in that of my friend. And when greetings had been interchanged, and many

questions answered, not very “germain to the matter” I have to communicate, he explained his motives to *such* a voyage.

“I need not recount all my sufferings relative to Jane Markham,—I beg her pardon, the Duchess of Down; you know all that affair; but imagine, in short, all the desolation a man *can* feel, and judge how eagerly one like me, not much troubled with nerves, would accept such a pretext for seeking new scenes and strong excitement, as was afforded by the offered command of my own old dragoons. No,—do not look commiseratingly; I am not an object of pity, *now*; I told you I came out to be cured,—and the remedy.”

But *passe pour cela*. For the love of the dear sex, for whom all disappointed swains ought, at the least, to die of tender melancholy, I shall not disclose more of my friend’s *tête-à-tête* at this present moment.

I had an engagement to an evening dinner at the house of Mrs. Burkhill, the wife of one of the Members of Council. I believe I ought

to have said, at "the house of the honourable Mr. Burkhill," but, as nobody *does* say so, I am contented to err with the multitude.

I paid greater attention than usual to the adornment of my outward man, for the party was to consist of the very *élite* of the Presidency, and many of the new arrivals. It is not etiquette for the Governor to dine with any less dignified personage;—the *King* may thus honour a subject, but a *Governor of Madras* is a widely different person. Consequently, Sir Charles Hamilton was obliged to devote the first evening to his distinguished host, and Mrs. Burkhill's party was a star minus.

There is one trait of civilization that deserves all the commemoration my pen can bestow on it; after the ladies retire from table, at the majority of Indian dinners, the sederunt of the other sex is of short duration.

I had scarcely seated myself in the drawing-room after the repast, on a couch placed in a remote situation, such as I hoped would secure me from being the object of the observations I meditated on others, when the persevering

eye of Mrs. Burkhill penetrated the shade of my retirement, and she forthwith followed the direction of the optical ray.

"Now what *do* you think of her?" she began in a breathless anxiety of agitation. "Ah! I see you are perfectly horror-struck? Is it not really pitiable?"

"My dear Madam, excuse my stupidity, but I must be indebted to your explanation."

"You sat next her at table! My niece Sarah,—Sarah Evans,—the tall brunette at your left. Is she not perfectly horrid?"

"*Horrid!*—Love forbid that ever I should be graceless enough to apply that *horrid* term to any of your bewitching sex. And the lady in question—"

"Ah, you are so kind! But what on earth shall I do with that *petit nez retroussé*? Then her complexion? I do not like English or even Spanish brunettes in this country; stupid people *will* take them for half-castes! And Sarah's carnation-colour, which is pretty enough now, will soon fade *here*, you know. And her eyes—large black eyes are so common! One's

butler—one's ayah, every wretch on the establishment has eyes ten-fold darker and brighter."

"But the expression—the intellectual—" I began.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "There has been quite a committee of survey on her this morning, and we all agree that there is a character of pertness,—a—indeed the Ormonds are really positive that she is terribly bad *ton*; and in fact, I am ashamed to trouble you with *such* a discussion, but you are so much *l'ami de la maison*, and we all have so high an opinion of you, that I do not hesitate to call your attention to Sarah's manners,—her flippancy to our excellent friend Mr. Willoughby this morning has, to say the truth, almost broken my heart! For poor dear Willoughby, you know——"

"Is the happy bridegroom you have selected for your niece," said I, supplying the pause which her half-embarrassment occasioned.

"Between ourselves, exactly so. I should not like it to go farther; but everybody is so confident of your discretion! And Willoughby

is so well off,—four thousand rupees a month, at the least; and he was so anxious for the alliance, that I am almost tempted to believe he would have overlooked the horrible *nez retroussé*; but her *manners*!—so glaringly offensive! would you believe, she absolutely *laughed* at him, and he so truly respectable!”

“But after all, there was nothing very criminal in a laugh. Mr. Willoughby might find in his heart to forgive it, especially as I observed the young lady exhibited a very pretty dimple on those occasions,” said I, extenuatingly.

“But, my dear Sir, it was a most particularly impertinent laugh; and as poor Willoughby, there is no denying the fact, is certainly a plain, bilious-looking, hepatic patient, it made the thing very pointed, and he looked actually fierce, I assure you.”

“Perhaps *she* might, after all, have started objections to Mr. Willoughby.”

“What *can* you be dreaming of? Why he has four thousand a month now,—a place at the council shortly—and with his immense

influence and interest at home, there is every probability of his succeeding our present excellent friend, as Governor !”

“But, my dear Madam, young ladies are apt to view these things less discreetly, and to dream of youth, and love in a cottage.”

“You are jesting ! What has a girl to do with love, who comes out to India ? Common sense must tell her that she is here to improve her condition, which will be best effected by securing the most advantageous *parti* that falls in her way.”

There was no resisting an inference so purely logical. I had nothing to do but to bow assent.

“Do you see that very pretty girl opposite ?” continued my hostess. “Miss Cleveland, come out to her sister Mrs. Brooke. Willoughby seemed quite enchanted with her, at dinner to-day, and really it would be too provoking after all my anticipations, to see Mrs. Brooke’s sister, Mrs. Willoughby !—I should expire with vexation ! Who besides

Sarah ever could have done so unadvised a thing as to bring a *nez retroussé* to India?"

All my recollections of Chesterfield were insufficient to check the action of my risible muscles. "Excuse me," said I, "man is a laughing animal."

"I forgive you; nevertheless I am distressed. That young man talking now to Burkhill; his name is Montresor, a young civilian, a ship-mate of Sarah's; I overheard him giving *such* an account of her conduct on board! so haughty, so disagreeable, so sarcastic. Colonel Sir Charles Hamilton, of the ——— Dragoons, came out with them, and Montresor says, that for the last fortnight, he avoided any but the most distant intercourse with the perverse girl, so much was he disgusted with her manners. Women ought never to be satirical; it is our wisest plan to attract your sex, and a witty woman is, of all animals, the most repellent.—But the whole room are wondering at our *tête-à-tête*; let me introduce you to Sarah, and *do* see what you can make of her."

I obeyed, and crossed the room to a couch on which the unfortunate proprietor of the *nez retroussé* was sitting in solitude, evidently in the full enjoyment of that delightful sensation,—feeling alone in a crowd.

She almost started as my hostess mentioned my name and her own. She received my introduction with a negligent, but not ungraceful acknowledgment, and Mrs. Burkhill, with a sigh and a shrug, retreated.

I shall not record my first conversation with Sarah Evans; I shall make use of my notes from that point where I find the approach of Miss Cleveland added a third to our party, from which moment my *rôle* was chiefly that of listener.

“What a delightful party, is it not?” the pretty little lady began. “I do so like India! Are not you happy to be here, *now*?”

The *now* was emphatic, as if some former regret of England had been expressed.

“I dare say you like it; it must be like a *visiting party in the holidays* to you just from school,” replied Sarah, good temper-

edly. "But I never was at school, you know."

"That is so odd! I thought all girls went to school, or had governesses, or something."

"Yes, I *had* something," said Sarah, and then I saw the 'laughing devil in her eye,' which had disconcerted poor Mr. Willoughby. "I had an uncle, and a spelling-book, and a primer, *and things*."

"Well, but really, can you not play, or draw?"

"Do you not remember that I have told you I have no ear? But, perhaps, you are interested in making assurance doubly sure.—I assure you, you may ask me to play with the greatest safety, for I actually do not know the gamut; and, as I never tried to paint a flower in my life, you can request a sight of my portfolio with just as much impunity. Landscapes and huge heads in crayons are not in fashion *here*, I imagine, so that I am altogether the person in the world to act foil to your brilliant."

"How very odd!—*mais vous parlez le François?*"

"I understand your question, but I have never been in France, and have a bad accent, therefore I never speak it."

"We used, at school, to speak it every day in the week but one;—so I *ought* to speak it very well. Do you know, Mr. Willoughby says, he thinks it quite essential to a lady to speak French well? He is a very nice man that Mr. Willoughby, though he is *rather* plain. But then my sister tells me he has four thousand rupees a month, and he is *so* agreeable, you can't think!"

"Indeed I can. A man *must* be very delightful with four thousand rupees a month!—Why, if he were a *gentleman with a pig's face*, it would invest him with all the qualities that *could* captivate woman."

The little beauty looked puzzled.

"Well, as Montresor used to say on board, there is no such thing as understanding you?"

"With *his* understanding he meant, I presume?"

"But he is a very nice young man, only a little talkative and conceited—"

"And impertinent and overbearing, whenever he dares."

"But he is *certainly* good-looking. Ah, you have not forgiven his telling Sir Charles Hamilton, that you said you 'did not value him for his rank, and that you judged him as you would a subaltern—no, a *demi-solde*, it was.' I do not think Sir Charles much liked it."

"But do you imagine Sir Charles would be flattered by believing that all the attention he received was paid to his rank? Now, you know, he was quite sure that *my* civility was a tribute to his personal qualities."

"But he is not handsome!"

"I did not mean that exactly," replied Sarah, and she blushed so becomingly, that I felt her *petit nez retroussé* to be the most pardonable deformity in the world.

"I remember what trouble Sir Charles had to make you talk to him at first. You were always in your cabin!"

Sarah blushed again, and was silent.

"Then afterwards you became friends," resumed the talkative little personage; "and two or three times you walked with him on deck in the evening. And I remember one beautiful moon-light night, you were leaning together over the taffarel, and the steward came twice to tell you he wanted to put the lights out—"

"Yes, yes, I remember," and Sarah blushed an intense glowing blush, like the setting beam of an autumnal sun. "You are quite a chronicle."

"Because it was so extremely odd that you never once walked with Sir Charles after that evening; and you used to *colour* so, when he asked you to take wine at table, that I am sure you had quarrelled. Do you know, I think it was *very* kind of him to ask you to take wine at all, afterwards! Montresor never did.—Scarcely any body used but the Captain and Sir Charles, now I think of it."

"True; and, if you recollect, my heart was quite breaking about it!"

"Ah, well! you should have taken my ad-

vice, and have chatted with them all. You seemed to think of nothing but England. As you like it so much, why did you leave it?"

"My dear Miss Cleveland,—I blush to tell you,—like 'obedient Yamen,' I did as I was bid."

"Ah, there is Mr. Willoughby walking by himself!—He looks quite melancholy—I will go and amuse him."

"Very benevolent of you, my dear. Always feed the hungry. And let me whisper to you, —I sincerely recommend your taking Mr. Willoughby without any fear of my heart's breaking."

The lady looked to see if there lurked any mischief in the speaking eye of her counsellor; apparently she was satisfied with the survey, for she gave a nod of approbation, and immediately joined the fortunate possessor of charms so resistless as four thousand rupees a month.

The next time I saw Sarah Evans, was at a ball given by the Governor. I had made two or three morning-calls in the interval, but as

Mrs. Burkhill was not visible, of course her *protégée* was not. And I fancy that the "*politicizing*" lady was anxious that the first *public* appearance of the *petit nez retroussé* should not take place on an occasion less splendid.

I had scarcely paid "honour where honour was due," and exchanged a whisper with Sir Charles, when Mrs. Burkhill seized my arm, and led me a little apart from the crowd that was looking fashionably dense in the centre.

"I have left Sarah to Mr. Burkhill," she began. "I am really ashamed!—Believe me I have spared no persuasion, no entreaty, to induce her to make an appearance rather more befitting the occasion. Do look at her, and then turn an eye to the beautiful dress and lovely ornaments Miss Cleveland wears!—I have offered her a choice of new gowns,—the best of my own jewels,—but she is inflexible. You see, nothing but her ear-rings are of any value,—diamond, but dreadfully unfashionable in their form;—and to that slender chain she wears a hair-preserver suspended, set in brilliants of the finest water; *who* was the donor, and *whose*

is the hair, is a mystery.—But you see, she will not even show *that*. And then she is so sarcastic!—She told me she was jewel enough in herself, if the people had the sense to find it out, and she made a point never to exhibit an escutcheon of pretence!—To tell you the truth, before her arrival, it had been absolutely settled between us and Willoughby that he should marry her. But she has quizzed him so unmercifully, that he told me this morning explicitly, she was quite too much for *his* management, and that his promise was of course conditional,—that the lady should be such as other ladies, and not a non-descript of this kind. Two hours after, I had a note from Mrs. Brooke informing me, *as her most intimate friend*, of the approaching marriage of her sister and Mr. Willoughby!—*There!*"

Poor Mrs. Burkhill's breath failed her at this climax. She fanned herself violently, and the thermometer in her vicinity must have risen considerably.

"After all, what *am* I to do with this *petit nez retroussé*?" she asked plaintively. "I can

scarcely believe that even a subaltern will venture on her, for somebody has found out that she reads politics, and is, in fact, as blue as Madame de Staël. There are such lots of girls coming out now-a-days!—See—they have formed quadrilles, and not a soul has asked her to dance!—A dowdy in a muslin frock and a satin slip!—That is Sir Charles Hamilton,—the fine-looking man with the Governor—they tell me. He has called, but I could not receive him, and like the rest, he is disgusted with Sarah; he has not even exchanged a bow with her, for I have been watching him all night.—There is Miss Cleveland with Willoughby. What attention everybody pays her!—They have an eye to his future parties!—See,—she is absolutely leading off the quadrille! And Mrs. Brooke is looking so hideously delighted!—Oh, I am just ready to expire with vexation!—A plain muslin gown indeed!”

I do not know how long the lady would have carried on this monologue, if her attention had not been attracted by the movements of the Governor and Sir Charles who were walking

towards the place occupied by the *nez retroussé*. Now as the said *nez retroussé* was quite alone, Mr. Burkhill having quitted her side for an instant, it was obvious that their intention could be nothing but to address the forlorn Sarah.

Mrs. Burkhill herself did not watch the proceedings of the group with greater interest than I did. My attention was however principally directed to Sarah; and I saw the colour heighten, and the eye become darker and brighter, as they advanced. They—the dignitaries—stood before her some minutes, and, as the conversation proceeded, her embarrassment diminished. At last she rose, and her arm was drawn through Sir Charles's with an air of great *empressement*. The Governor smiled and retreated, and the pair approached me and my companion, who was absolutely panting with pleasurable emotion.

After the usual chit-chat which succeeds an introduction,—that ceremony was performed awkwardly enough by Sarah, by the way,—Sir Charles said, somewhat abruptly I thought,

"Miss Evans is tired of India, already, Mrs. Burkhill."

"Oh, she will like it better in time, Sir Charles. *I* regretted *home* at first."

"Well but *I* am tired too, Mrs. Burkhill.— And in short, with your permission, we wish to go back again together."

But why proceed?—In a month from that evening of Mrs. Burkhill's triumph, I was present at the wedding breakfast of Sir Charles, and henceforward the *petit nez retroussé* belonged to Lady Hamilton.

Sir Charles had found complete cure of old love in a *new*. The object of his voyage had been perfectly attained, and India to him therefore was only a place of exile. On the 22nd of last January, Sir Charles and Lady Hamilton departed, on the deck of H. M. frigate the *Thetis*, for those happier shores to which the heart of the exile so longingly follows them.

A YOUNG LADY'S LETTER HOME.

“AT length, my dearest Lucy, you will actually hear from your still faithful and affectionate friend, that she has reached India in safety, and has been two months in this scene of gaiety, and indeed carried about in a whirligig of pleasure. If I had you with me to share my feelings and my conquests,—for I assure you even *these* are not wanting—you who so well understand me, I should not have a wish ungratified. This is certainly the most delightful place in the whole world, though the old residents tell me I shall suffer more from the heat next season, as new arrivals bring a stock of strength which enables them to resist it the first year. To be sure, I must say, the

women are sad frights, very yellow, and mostly so lean! However there is nothing like use, for I find this leanness quite the *ton*. If there were here 'a holder of the girdle of fine forms,' he, if he had been twenty years in India, would assign the palm of beauty to her whose waist approached most nearly to the size of the centre of an hour-glass. Between ourselves, my dear Loo, it is not precisely the *supreme bon-ton* that regulates people here,—though I should not like to whisper this in society, for all one's little remarks are, I find, repeated and exaggerated a thousand ways, so that I have already learned to be very cautious.

"I cannot pretend to give you any regular account of my feelings on landing; so much hurry, confusion, and excitement marked every moment. The bare idea that I was actually

'In that land which far away
Into the golden orient lies,'

awakened all my romance, and all my remembrances of Lalla Rookh. You know, however, I am not given to be poetical, and more common-place realities very soon gained entire

possession of my mind. No, they were not common-place realities; the whole world seemed to have put on a different garb; the earth itself was no longer the same, but looked quite as foreign as the natives. The houses—the gardens—all partook of novelty, and nothing recalled England to me from similarity, until I found myself welcomed by my kind and fashionable aunt.

“There are hosts of servants, but, *entre nous*, they seem to be very much in each other's way; not that one could manage with a less number; but there are so few offices which a single domestic can, from his caste or some other absurdity, perform, that none have a tithe of occupation sufficient for the day. They loiter about the verandahs, and when they are wanted, the person requiring them calls, ‘boy!’ or ‘qui-hi!’—a great annoyance to me at first, whose voice, you know, is not quite that of Stentor, and I longed exceedingly for the silver call with which, in days of chivalry, the lady summoned her maidens. The summons is generally obeyed by two or three popping in their heads through as many different doors, and the service

demanded is probably performed in about quadruple the time which I, as a novice, thought reasonable. However, when complaint is useless, patience is a preferable alternative to *worrying*, and where all the class commit exactly the same enormities, 'What is the use,' inquires my sensible aunt, 'of changing?'

"I have an Ayah, intended as a substitute for one's own maid *at home*, and such a substitute! She is well enough for washing and cleaning the hair, but as for dressing it, Heaven keep my auburn locks from her remorseless hands! As to arranging one's finery, it is deposited in drawers or the almirah certainly, but unless one's blonds, and chantillies, and ruffles, and furbelows, and, *above all*, the sleeves are to be *crumpled* beyond all possibility of restoration, it would be better to keep them out of her dusky touch. In short, my dear, 'up to this present time of writing,' an Ayah is very well as a kind of housemaid, but for any thing in the shape of *lady's-maidism*, I find her utterly useless, and if you ever set foot on these eastern shores, profit by the

knowledge which I have acquired from dire experience.

“Do you know I find *punkahs*, although indispensable in this climate, one of the minor miseries of human life. Beneath their influence, not a single curl remains in its place, but is wafted about by every gale in the most disagreeable manner you can conceive. This, you will allow, is an evil ; but pronounce it not one of the first magnitude, until you have taken into consideration all the circumstances attendant on a dinner-party at the Presidency. The first thing that amazes you is, the hecatombs with which the table is covered. He must, indeed, be ‘a man given to appetite,’ who retains the least inclination to devour, after the display made on the uncovering of the dishes. Soup—fish—sirloins and rounds of beef—saddles of mutton,—ham and turkey, the everlasting delight of Indian epicures,—fowls of all kinds,—stews,—curries,—all steam at once under one’s nostrils, until human nature is reduced to the last gasp. Imagine the barbarism of no division of courses,—no ‘well-

graduated succession softening the transition between soup and sweet-meats,' as our friend — would say ;—' from eggs to apples, what a flight !' . Imagine in addition to the steaming-table, that each guest has one or two personal servants attending him, so that the table is actually defended as if by a double line of fleshly substances, from the approach of any ' gale from heaven,' if, perchance, such should be abroad. Altogether, I must confess, the first trial of this nature to which I was exposed, was too much for me. Whether my *olfactories* are particularly sensitive,—or whether it was some memory of the sufferings of a passage through the Bay of Biscay, that recalled to my imagination all the horrors of sea-sickness, I know not. I began, however, to feel a loathing and heaving of the stomach,—a dizziness in the head,—a buzzing and whizzing in the ears, until even the awful sounds—' SHALL I SEND YOU A GLASS OF BEER ?'—ceased to reach my senses,—and down I was, conscious of sinking—down—down—but nothing more do I remember. My aunt told me afterwards that nothing

could have told better than this little *improviso*, as she called it. The ladies present, indeed, had exclaimed and *declaimed* on—‘fine lady-airs!’—‘showing-off Europe graces!’—‘vastly delicate, indeed!’—‘really be afraid to invite Miss Warren!’—‘pity the climate should be found so utterly insupportable at the commencement of her Indian career!’ But the male part of the assembly commented on the demonstrative proof which had been afforded, that I was at least *guiltless* of wearing rouge, a topic which, it appears, had afforded matter for much discussion. My aunt predicted great success to me from this event, and indeed, vanity apart, I have no reason to accuse her of uttering false predictions.

“The drama—oh, the drama!—It is truly delightful. Not for the scenery—‘the dresses and decorations,’ as the play-bills say,—not for any professional excellencies, exactly,—but because here the actors are all amateurs,—people whom one is accustomed to meet every day, and on whose private feelings one can guess pretty accurately what effect every sentence

they pronounce, produces. Besides, it is no slight pleasure, let me tell your inexperience, Lucy, to hear some flaming declaration of love made by a very fine fellow in the course of his representation, whilst a lightning-look, perceptible perhaps to you alone, brings it home to your heart that *you* are the *real* heroine to whom it is addressed. However, in the regular course of things, I am not quite come to that part of my letter yet;—so '*revenons à nos moutons.*'

“As the sixth month since our sad, sad parting has commenced, I hope you have not forgotten to despatch the stipulated supply of new fashions. You have no idea how very important a matter a new dress is in *the* circles here. I cannot enumerate how frequently the loan of every article of my beautiful French finery has been solicited by my kind aunt's very dear friends. Of course, I did not hesitate to confer this little obligation, for I thought it a matter of course that my aunt would not only approve, but applaud, my showing to her own friends

any slight attention of this nature. I was, therefore, very much surprised when she manifested great displeasure at my taking such a step without consulting her. 'I could have told you exactly,' she said, 'who could *not* be denied, and who could. You see you have lost the opportunity of obliging those whom it was worth your while to oblige, for who will thank you, do you imagine, for being clad in precisely the same costume as Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. and fifty other nobodies are exhibiting? My dear child, you know nothing about these things, and you will find half the people making such perfect caricatures of your dresses, that you will never again choose to appear in them, and their sight to me will be detestable. Never lend a dress to those who are likely to look as well in it as yourself, for that is to create rivals;—and *never* lend one to those who look ill in *everything*, for that is to force upon the minds of your admirers disagreeable associations whenever they look on you. No,—no;—in this country hold it as an invariable rule, *never* to

lend a single garment which you think worthy your own wear, unless you know your *parti* thoroughly.'

"I was very much mortified, I confess, and I received my aunt's reproof and advice in silence. To be sure, Lucy, on reconsidering the subject, I rather incline to consider her in the right, and I wish I had sought her advice before I committed the folly. However, *à l'avenir*.

"You know very well, my dear Loo, that women are libelled all over the world as scandal-mongers. Some impertinents of the other sex have pronounced it to be completely a female occupation. I wish such accusers would visit this eastern world, and hear who are the purveyors to this appetite. Why, my Lucy, every man-creature that approaches you, endeavours to ingratiate himself by relating some anecdote to the disadvantage of the person with whom you shared the yesterday's dinner, or ball, or more probably who was the hostess on the occasion. It is really terrible to hear how pitilessly characters are talked away, just as if they were good for nothing. Now to tell you

my secret feelings, which I have not, I assure you, laid open to my aunt, for she, kind and good as she is, can never be to me the friend that you are, my dearest Lucy,—to tell you, then, my real feelings, I am absolutely afraid of furnishing in my turn matter for their satirical animadversions. Is it not certain, that if they judge it acceptable to Miss Warren, to be told of Miss Beaumont's *gaucheries*, they will think it quite as acceptable to Miss Beaumont to be horrified by an account of Miss Warren's flirtations? In short, from idleness, and the limited range of topics this society affords to people who *cannot* think, it seems as if all the world looked at each other for the express purpose of talking over their blemishes on some future occasion.

“However, my dear Loo, as my packet has already increased to a most alarming magnitude, it is time I resumed the subject of *the drama*, relative to which I have hinted to you somewhere in the course of this lengthy letter, that I had to communicate a—— Cannot you, Lucy, who were always so good at guessing,

divine what I have to tell? Yes, very well; I see you have guessed right, and to come quickly to the matter-of-fact, the hero 'of the sock and buskin,'—the darling of *both* Muses,—the cynosure of all eyes is, in sooth, Lucy, *my* hero too. Ah, my dear! in India, as elsewhere, 'the course of true love never did run smooth!' I *do* think Captain Plantagenet—is it not a name for a hero?—is a man whose person would satisfy even your fastidious taste. I need not tell you the colour either of his eyes or his hair, especially as you know we always disagree on this point. But the *tout ensemble* is really irresistible! And then the graces of his style and manner! Oh, my dear, if ever I am reconciled to the thought of the thousands of miles that separate us, it is when I feel that you would infallibly love him as well as I, and how could he, with his exquisite sensibility to what is best and most beautiful, avoid giving *you* a preference which even I must acknowledge to be due to you, although in this instance it would break my heart?

"Well, my dearest Lucy, you are to under-

stand that Plantagenet *is* Captain Plantagenet and nothing in the world besides; that is, he has no fortune, and, as my aunt urges, no interest. But then my aunt,—or rather my uncle,—*has*, which would be quite the same, that is, if a certain event *should* take place. Indeed I must own that I represented as much when my aunt continued to press these objections on me; but she was ready with a reply. She said that no interest could much avail an officer of the known *violent* principles of Captain Plantagenet, who had rendered himself so particularly obnoxious to all those men in office whose influence must be exerted in his behalf; that, in a word, my uncle had no expectation or inclination that I should marry a military man, and that the sooner I dismissed Captain Plantagenet from my thoughts the better.

“Of course this declaration very materially assisted in confirming my sentiments in his favour, if they had previously been wavering. Moreover my aunt's allusion to Plantagenet's principles was particularly unfortunate to *her*

cause, for I most admire him for the manly freedom of thought, which disdains to shackle itself in the fetters imposed by the tacit, but implied, despotism of this most arbitrary colony. The affair stands thus. An event occurred which occasioned much discussion in every circle, because it affected the interests of a well-known individual. Plantagenet, who is very *literary*, was desirous of inserting a letter in the public journals, which was suppressed by the censor of the press. Of course his English spirit was very indignant, and he wrote an immense deal of angry blank verse. I have inserted several specimens in my album, which I am in an ecstasy at being able to transcribe for you, as they will show you something of his character. You must understand that they are *only* fragments.

‘ Land of the slave ! where all mankind are slaves !
 Where he who fain would thrive, must learn to crouch,
 And wear the smooth soft air of Asia’s sons !
 Land of the slave ! where Justice is not free,
 The radiant goddess of the awful brow
 And eye divine ; where she, even she,
 Must bow her head majestic, and become

From independent, base,—from pure, corrupt,—
 Have her robes soil'd by the polluted touch
 Of courtly favourites, who wear her mask
 And violate her holiest sanctions, when
 Their master bids. And these are they who fill
 The highest seats, and meet the public gaze
 With eye almost undaunted, front serene;
 Checking the murmurs of the thinking few,
 By the coercion of superior power.

Evils these are, no doubt, but not the worst.
 Let poverty attack with all her ills,
 Let tyranny oppress with all his rage,
 These might be borne,—if bearing did not bring
 The plague-spot on the soul. It learns to crouch,—
 To call that good which it must needs endure,
 Pronounce its fetter-clank harmonious,
 And kiss the smiter's hand!—The leprosy
 Of servile fear cleaves to man thence for aye!
 Born free, he learns at length to be a slave,
 Fears much to breathe a whisper of dislike
 Of any public man, deems all his deeds
 To censure not amenable, and thinks
 Reverse of right not wrong; so licks the dust
 Beneath the oppressor's feet; receives his scorn
 With smiles of thankfulness, and cries, 'ALL'S WELL!'

Panders to superstition! and to foul
 Idolatry, not bloodless! Ye who sell
 Indulgences for crime, and therewith feed
 Your appetite insatiable of gold!
 Ye righteous rulers of ten myriad souls!

Ye who to right prefer expedient,
 And deem it better that this eastern clime
 Should be the prison of the bigot-thrall,
 Than that by quaffing at the heavenly fount
 Of knowledge, they should learn that they are men,
 Men as immortal, but not free, as ye,
 Slaves in their mother-land from whose rich veins
 Ye drain a golden draught! Thankless ingrates,
 Who draw so largely and will nothing give!
 Ye who have wealth meet for the sons of men,
 Arts—science—the appliances of life,—
 Give these—a richer boon than gems or gold,—
 And build your empire up within their hearts,
 Or dare to lose it nobly; better lost
 Than basely kept,—a tribute-gatherer's prey!
 Palter not on the plea that, 'from your sons
 Their richest birth-right thus will be despoil'd;—
 The future claims your foresight, and to give
 Uninjured to your heirs, what ye received,
 Is a main duty.' Do ye that ye owe
 The age in which ye live. This hath existence,
 Hath form and substance; hath an awful voice,
 And its requirements are most absolute.
 Cater not for a future thousand years,
 One century of which may never be!
 To possible postpone not certain. Hear
 The cry that hath gone forth to uttermost earth,
 'Teach us to be what ye are, men erect
 In mind as body; blest with arts like yours,
 And knowledge, the best dignities of life!'

But ye assail even a Briton's right,
 The right inherited with his first breath,
 To think as man,—thus thinking, so to act,—
 To fix the stigma of the public voice
 Upon oppression, whether it be dealt
 By your immediate, and most puissant selves,
 Or the great little, your executives!—

* * * * *

“Do not imagine for an instant, my dear Loo, that these effusions of indignation ever issued from the press of this Presidency. I assure you no such exertion of free-will would be permitted. But copies were given to friends, and the manuscript was circulated, and poor Plantagenet became a *marked man*, as my aunt *says* and as *I feel*; for, to confess the truth, I like him ten thousand times the better on this account.

“But, however, there is another pebble thrown into the waters, which ruffles the course of my ‘stream of love.’ There is an odious ‘honourable Mr. Denison,’ a Member of Council, and of course a very old civilian, who has thought proper to bow before the *beaux yeux* of your friend. Oh, my dear, the man *is* such an animal! such a ponderous unwieldy man-

ner of saying the merest trifles—making love like an elephant whirling through a waltz! If I were otherwise to forswear matrimony for ever, I would never have this man, were his estate to contain all the diamond-mines of India! And he looks at poor Plantagenet with an eye sparkling with all the benevolent emotions of ‘envy, hatred, and malice;’ and, between ourselves, I have a shrewd suspicion that *he* and my aunt, who is his close ally, are manœuvring together to get Plantagenet ordered from the Presidency, before the expiration of his leave. You, in the bliss of English ignorance, may lift up your eyes and doubt the possibility of such a proceeding, but I assure you, ‘such things are,’ and Plantagenet has related to me twenty occurrences of a similar nature. However, they had better not drive me to extremity; for if they do, they will find me perfectly aware of my right to freedom of action, and, which is more, absolutely resolved never to be the Honourable Mrs. Denison, with all the appurtenances of that enviable position, precedence, equipage, dress, house, and

furniture, the grand delights of Indian existence.

“How I do wish I could have your advice, my dearest Lucy! You always understood me so well, and would so completely enter into my feelings. That *you* would pronounce Plantagenet a man every way worthy of the heart of woman, I am well convinced; and knowing this, it is almost useless to put the question, *what* do you advise?” And then the immeasurable time that must elapse before I could receive the welcome assurance of your approbation, might bring so many unforeseen things to pass, as would increase my aunt's means of enforcing our separation. *You* will not believe that I have any doubts of my lover's constancy, or of the endurance of my own attachment; nor will you think it probable, that a protracted residence here will change my tastes from English to Indian. However, my dearest friend, it is better not to subject ourselves to any hazard, and Plantagenet is quite of my opinion. Therefore, my darling Lucy, I must tell you, as indeed it is

the chief object of my letter to do, that I have fixed on this day-week as our wedding-day, and am positively resolved on declaring my intention to my aunt to-morrow. My determination will soon silence her opposition, and therefore, my darling Lucy, this is the last time you will have a letter signed by

“Your most attached, most sincere,

and most affectionate

“EMMA WARREN.”

“P. S. Plantagenet desires me to offer you his kindest regards; he is quite prepared to love the ‘belle amie’ of his Emma.

THE THREE MOONS.

THE palace of the Rana of Odeypoor, the head of the Rajpoot tribes,—the Maharana,—revelled in the sunshine of prosperity, and in the expectation of festivities, that cordial to the soul of a Hindoo. Light steps were bounding, and young hearts beating, within the zenanah, under the excitement of anticipated novelty. There was music and perfume in the air, and the hurrying to and fro of those busy in preparation. In every apartment of the zenanah the richest silks lay in careless profusion, embroidered with glittering gold and sparkling jewels. Shawls of cashmeer were piled in heaps, as presents to the expected guests. Gold and silver muslins, to be

wreathed into turbans at the fancy of the wearer, increased the gay variety; and not one sombre cloud in the whole horizon served to remind mortal man that the sadness of human life ascends even to the thrones of princes.

In a small apartment, at the very extremity of the zenanah, reclined Kishen Kower, the sole child of the Maharana. The curtains, of rose-coloured silk of Persia, were a little withdrawn from the lattice, and she lay on her cushion with her eyes fixed on the clear blue sky, glowing like a sapphire and unsullied by a cloud. On the other side sat Ulsee, her favorite maiden, and at her feet stood Heera Bhaee, her nurse and foster-mother, looking upon her with a countenance in which love and grief struggled for the ascendancy.

Throughout Rajpootana,—nay from Tibet to Cape Comorin,—no woman possessed such radiant beauty as the princess of Odeypoor. Her deep black eyes were like those of the gazelle in their star-like lustre, but they were informed by a spirit pure and tender as ever animated the breast of woman. Though living

in the retirement beseeeming her rank and caste, the fame of the beauty of Kishen Kower was spread throughout the land. It was the theme of every minstrel's song ;—it was the dream of every visionary's heart. The alliance of the Maharana, highly desirable as it was on political grounds, was ten-fold more keenly sought for the sake of so much beauty. Contending princes had striven for the prize ; but the two Rajahs whose pretensions caused some hesitation in the decision of the Maharana, were Maun Singh, the sovereign of Joudpoor, and Juggut Singh, the sovereign of Jeypoor. Indeed the contest had been pursued so fiercely, that the rivals had at length resorted to the decision of arms, and war had been declared, when the Maharana thought to prevent the contest by deciding in favour of Juggut Singh.

But it was not so prevented. Maun Singh did not tamely brook the defeat of his own hopes, and still less the triumph of his rival. Each prince, therefore, led forth his battle array, and, though no decisive action had

occurred, frequent engagements, the results of which were dubious, had weakened both armies.

In one of those intervals of tacit truce which each felt to be necessary for the recruiting of his energies, Bheem Singh, the Maharana, believed that the probable means of bringing them to peace would be by expediting the nuptials. Consequently, Juggut Singh was summoned to celebrate his bridal festivities at the palace of Odeypoor.

But the prince—albeit anxious to possess the coveted charms of Kishen Kower—was too much of a warrior to strike his tents without reluctance. He desired vengeance on his rival, at least as keenly as the possession of his bride;—and therefore he replied to the instances of the Maharana, that his glory required him to achieve *some* advantage yet ungained, before he should deserve to become his son. Consequently the nuptials were long delayed. But now, at length, success had lent a lustre to the cause of the bridegroom, and believing that he had effectually deterred his

rival from future efforts, he turned his face towards Odeypoor, and despatched a message to the Maharana, desiring that preparations should be made forthwith for the marriage festivities; and *therefore* the palace echoed with voices of gladness, and all around wore an air beseeming the point of some high festival.

The fair brow of Kishen Kower was clouded, and pensiveness had chased from her lovely face the buoyant graces natural to it. But it was not, as the maidens of other regions might deem, that she was about to become the bride of an unseen bridegroom. By a Rajpoot princess such a destiny is so surely anticipated from the very earliest years, that its fulfilment excites no other emotion than the natural regret of leaving familiar scenes. But Kishen Kower had wherewithal to alleviate this regret, for tales of the noble youth and nobler manhood of Juggut Singh had been diligently carried to her ears by Heera Bhaee, and she had so much of the Lion's nature, as to share a warrior's pride in his prowess. Moreover a

portrait of Juggut Singh had been conveyed to her, and his were features on which a female eye rarely looks without admiration. Ulsee's eager tongue never wearied in dilating on the happiness of her who was destined to become the ranee of one so captivating; and the heart of Kishen Kower confessed, that his form was worthy of the daring spirit it enshrined.

Still was the lady sad; and much and vainly did Ulsee ponder over the cause, for she dearly loved the princess beneath whose gentle sway her days glided away unmarked by one sorrow or one complaint. To *her* the destiny of Kishen Kower presented one long vista of all that can charm the heart of woman, gratify her vanity, or fulfil the aspirations of her ambition. In vain therefore she searched through the small limit that circumscribed *her* thoughts; —*she* could discern but one bright day of sunshine, and she looked for, but found not, the cloud which dimmed the fair horizon in the keener eye of her young mistress.

There was a long silence, of which Ulsee was heartily tired. She looked from the em-

broidered scarf which her busy fingers were twisting into innumerable fantastic forms, to the princess, and an expression of peevishness trembled on her lips as she gazed on the lady's listless form, half raised from the silken cushion, whilst her head rested on her small and exquisitely shaped hand, and her eye still remained fixed on the blue sky visible through the lattice.

Ulsee looked then at the face of Heera Bhaee, but she saw no hope there. Taking courage, therefore, from the well-known partiality of the princess, she ventured to breathe the name of Juggut Singh.

The experiment was successful in attracting the attention of Kishen Kower. She looked on her youthful attendant with an eye which, if sad, was kind. "And what would Ulsee say of the princely Juggut Singh?"—she asked, for *that* never was an ungrateful theme.

"Nay,—'twas but a word to disperse the sadness of the princess!" said Ulsee, happy that the tedious silence had yielded to her charm.—"True it is that the Jeypoor Rajah

deserves praise, until the tongue of the speaker is red,—and all the women of the zenanah protest that his picture is fairer than Vishnoo when he won the love of mortal woman ! Yet, lady, now this paragon of men approaches, and all things tell of love and joy, and still thou art sad as if—pardon me, dear lady,—as if thou wert about to hie thee to the arms of hideous age.—I *do* misdoubt thee much, Heera Bhaee,” turning to the nurse whom she loved but little, for the manner of the aged woman was somewhat soured by suffering,—“and I wrong thee greatly if thou, with thy ill-omened wail of never-ceasing woes, be not the cause why there is perpetual night in the mind of the pearl of pearls,—Kishen Kower,—the fairest princess of a thousand lands !”

“Peace, vain trifler !” said Heera Bhaee, with even more than her usual sternness.—“Is this a time for thy light spirit to mingle its mirth with the darker notes breathed by the voice of destiny ?—Knowest thou not,—or has thy folly forgotten,—that as yet the house of the Maharana has offered no propitiatory sa-

crifice to the goddess? Or dost thou think that the powers who endure from the first Yug until all power shall be overthrown, will fail to claim the honours man has refused? Or drest thou that they will be satisfied that man deems *their* rites may be neglected, when his interest interferes with the performance?—Once more, peace,—for the hour is solemn.”

“It is an hour of as bright sunshine as ever gladdened mortal eyes!” returned the indignant Ulsee, whose spirit was patient beneath no other rebuke than that so rarely and so gently expressed by the princess. “But it is ever thus!—Marriage-feast or pious rite, all bear the ban of thy ill-omened voice; and I would the Maharana himself heard thee with thy funeral croak so meet for this bright hour!”

“*It is meet!*” said Heera Bhaee, and even Ulsee felt the influence of her deep prophetic voice, which thrilled to the very heart of Kishen Kower—and she stood with folded hands, and her eye turned upwards, as if fixed on an object invisible to a less gifted vision.

“Now woe is me!” said Kishen Kower wringing her small hands in agony; for, like all of her tribe, her eagle spirit cowered beneath the terrible bodings prompted by superstition. “If thou knowest aught of evil about to befall my father’s house, Heera Bhaee, speak it out, and boldly. It shall work thee no ill, and keep not silence in a matter where she whom thou hast nursed at thy bosom, is so deeply concerned.”

“Happier, perchance, if thou hadst not been so nurtured!” murmured the nurse, the words rather escaping her, than voluntarily addressed to her anxious auditor. “I call Seeva to witness, that thou art dearer to me than any one of the children of my own youth. I loved them, but not like thee—not like thee, bright Kishen Kower!—light of my soul, as thou always wert, the Maharana’s first and only born! There is ill threatening thee, fair flower of this princely house, but the shape of it is hidden from mine eyes. The sound of revel is in mine ears, and on every side faces of mirth and pleasure greet my aged eyes, but my heart

cannot share them, for clouds and darkness surround them all, and a voice of wailing drowns their joyous laugh; and perchance the bridegroom *they* expect is coming, for dimly in the distance I see him, but who is he?—I know not, for he comes *wrapped in his shadow!*”

Kishen Kower bent her eyes to the earth. When she raised them, the sadness of their expression had assumed a loftier character.

“Let the evil that *must* be, *be*,” she said in a low firm voice. “The descendant of the princes of Odeypoor, and the betrothed of Juggut Singh, must not shrink from her destiny!”

The princess sank into earnest contemplation. Heera Bhaee still preserved her attitude of sad affection, and Ulsee forgave the silence for which there now seemed to her an intelligible reason.

The moon had waned, and another moon was approaching the end of her second quarter, and again Kishen Kower sat sadly in her bower, and Heera Bhaee and her favourite

handmaid were again the companions of her retirement.

But there were now no sounds of revel in the palace. The voice of the timbrels and the songs of the minstrel had ceased, and the footsteps which had bounded so lightly and so freely, now crept stealthily along, as if fearful of awakening the echo. The array of glorious apparel had disappeared ; there was no sign of approaching festival. But the change was not the natural transition from rejoicings that have occupied the appointed hour, to the ordinary modes of existence. There was a deeper gloom in the air than that which results from the listlessness of satiety ; it was the gloom of disappointment.

“ Did I not tell thee,” said Heera Bhaee with her deep and mournful voice,—“ did I not tell thee, that I saw not the face of the bridegroom, albeit the bridegroom *was* approaching ? Yea, and he doth still approach, but even yet I know him not ! But rouse thee, princess, and let not the daughter of the Maharana bewail her solitariness, as if the world contain-

ed not ten thousand worthier than Juggut Singh!"

"And dost thou think, Heera Bhaee," demanded the princess, her dark eye flashing with all the fire of her race, "dost thou think the daughter of Bheem the Lion bestows one thought of regret on the wretched traitor, who has dared thus to bring dishonour on the head of his tribe? Thinkest thou that the Prince of Jeypoor is more to me than the dust on which I tread? Knowest thou not, that Kishen Kower would bow herself down to be the handmaid of him who should humble the audacious traitor? Not for *him* I mourn, but that Kishen Kower hath lived to bring shame upon the name of her father!"

"It is the vengeance of Bhowanee!" said Heera Bhaee solemnly. "Oh! would that the Maharana would add yet costlier gifts than those already offered, if perchance the last dread sacrifice might be averted. Alas! alas! was the victim withholden only that it might be claimed at length, when its costliness was so fearfully increased?"

“And might we not well deem, Heera Bhaee, that the penalty had been exacted and rendered to the uttermost?” inquired Kishen Kower mournfully. “Hath not the alliance of the Maharana been disdainfully spurned? Hath not shame unutterable been heaped on the head of his only—his most unhappy child? Have we not blushed to hear, that he who was so shortly to become the son of our house, after suffering most inglorious defeat, hath purchased yet more inglorious peace at the price of broken troth and violated faith? Doth he not, even now, share the bridal wreath with the daughter of his haughty rival—doth he not give his sister to that rival’s arms—whilst Kishen Kower, doubly deserted and betrayed, sits within her inner chamber, humbled to feel that she lives a dishonour and a shame to the noblest of the Rajpoot race? Now, what would Bhowanee more?”

“Peace, peace, my child!—Oh, provoke not her yet farther wrath, for she is fierce, and inexorable, and slow—very slow—to pardon!” said Heera Bhaee deprecatingly. “Her voice

crieth aloud for the offering of blood; and how her curse pursueth the victim that hath been withholden, mine aged eyes, O princess, yet weep to see, and thou yet livest to feel!"

"Alas! alas! Heera Bhaee," said Kishen Kower, yet more despondingly, "would that thou hadst not yielded to the fond pleadings of my mother for her first-born! Thou who knewest so well what direful sorrows the wrath of the offended goddess entails on those who dare to despise her mandates, and most on the victim that hath been denied, how couldst *thou* nourish at thy bosom—how couldst thou lavish all thy dearest love on one, for whom thou must know all the honey-drops of life would be turned to poison, who would hear the far-off sound of marriage-festival, and pronounce her bridegroom's name, but hail him never,—for whose dishonour her princely father was to shed tears a hundred-fold more bitter than the mourning for the dead,—who was to be widow and no wife? Alas! doth not even now the whole kingdom of Odeypoor bewail the shame that hath stained the line of their sovereign?"

Will not the remotest of our tribes lament the cloud that hath fallen upon the head of their chief! and will not all these voices echo the curse of Bhowanee, that curse which should fall on thee,—on *thee*, Heera Bhaee, who disobeyed, not on *me* who lived but at thy will! Alas! what was *my* offence in escaping a fate of which I was all-unconscious? My feeble understanding knew not what the goddess required,—my feeble limbs could not perform the act of self-immolation!—Alas! thine was cruel kindness!”

“Thou sayest sooth,” returned Heera Bhaee; “it *was* cruel, but it was willed by a higher than either thy mother or thy nurse. Reproach me not, princess, for the work which destiny hath done, and clear thou thy brow. Perchance the cloud that darkens us may pass away, and Bhowanee may be appeased with a less costly sacrifice than the first. Still, still, when thy planet last night shone in its splendour,—still I saw the coming bridegroom, and again at midnight will I watch, if, perchance, I may discern his face. Meanwhile, I will to

the Temple of the Goddess and cheer thee, sweetest Kishen Kower ! It cannot be that even Bhowanee will refuse to pity thee in this thine hour of extreme desolation !”

Again the moon waned, and the second moon was in her third quarter, gradually diminishing preparatory to her final disappearance. It was midnight, and Kishen Kower was again in her inner chamber, reclining beneath the open lattice. All around was still as death, except when the silence was broken by the solitary tramp of the sentinel. The eyes of the princess were fixed on the midnight heavens, as if she sought to read the language of the stars. But to *her* their mysterious symbols presented no more intelligible meaning than that which their loveliness always conveys to the heart of the young and the sorrowful, when those characters, between which nature seems to have placed an impassable gulf of separation, are by some of the wondrous and inexplicable mechanism of this world, united.

Deeply humbled as Kishen Kower deemed

herself,—for to one of her rank and caste the defection of her betrothed brings the sense of deep dishonour and inexpressible shame,—even to her whose pride of lineage was thus trampled in the dust, the calm serenity of the hour imparted some of its own tranquillity. She felt, also, that fortitude which is the attendant of despair. She knew that her enemy was mightier than any of the mightiest children of human birth, and that to that supernal enemy her own existence was a perpetual offence. She knew that she breathed only by the commission of a crime deemed in the highest degree sacrilegious,—that Bhowanee had been defrauded of the first-born,—and that she was thus bringing her fearful vengeance on the heads of the victim marked with her ban, and of all to whom that victim was most dear. Hope of escape she felt there was none, for how could human strength strive against her who, in her invisible might, could hurl the children of men to destruction by the whirlwind or the earthquake? The Maharana and his whole household had thrice performed propitiatory rites, and thrice had the scowling sky answered

with its dread array of fierce thunder and red lightning; and as the magnificent gifts were laid before the shrine of the goddess, and the smoke of countless sacrifices ascended to heaven, no heart gathered hope that vengeance was at length satisfied, but the gloom which attends consciousness that something far more fearful remains to be done, darkened over all.

Kishen Kower's spirit, therefore, was now stilled with that preternatural calm which enables the sufferer to contemplate unshrinkingly the doom that cannot be averted. She had ceased to struggle against the powerful destiny that directed her path;—she bent her eye fixedly on the one sole termination which could, she believed, avert the ruin of the Lion's dynasty, and without one strong emotion she awaited the pre-ordained moment of its arrival.

Calmly, therefore, she reclined on her silken couch, and her thought seemed ice-bound. To her clouded mind there was no stirring spell in the word *eternity*. She deemed of other modes of existence, indeed, and of other forms to be passed through even in this world, but the

darkness of the dread future was unilluminated, or illumined only by some unsteady meteor. She felt herself to be one awfully set apart from the human race, and the first initiatory rites having been performed, as if only the consummation were needed for the perfecting of the sacrifice.

Light but measured steps now caught her wakeful ear. She recognized well those stately paces, and her heart sank from its unnatural elevation, and throbbed with some female terrors, as she felt in every fibre the approach of the proud sister of the Maharana, Chand Bhaee.

The princess rose as she approached;—no greeting passed the lip of either. Kishen Kower bowed her lovely head with filial respect, but the mind of her haughty kinswoman was too much occupied to observe the quiet homage. They stood in silence, and at length eye met eye, and it was as if the spirit of the one spoke thus to the spirit of the other. Chand Bhaee clasped the hand of the princess, and both sank on the silken couch.

“The vengeance of Bhowanee continues insatiable,” said Chand Bhaee. “Thou’st seest,

Kishen Kower, how shame hath dimmed the glory of thy father's house ! Thou *feelest* that his only child hath been put to open dishonour by the affianced spouse who hath shrunk from her espousals. But were this the worst, even *this* might be endured until the indignant heart of every Rajpoot burst with its own bitterness. But thou knowest not what farther evils menace thy father's throne. Not content with the shame he has wrought out for us, Juggut Singh hath concurred with his new father-in-law, to entreat the Maharana to seek none other alliance for his daughter, as our whole tribes can afford no fitting successor to occupy the relation for which they led forth their armies. The resources of thy father, as thou knowest well, afford no more hopeful means of coping with two such enemies, than if the flock of kids should array themselves against the tiger. The Maharana cannot—dares not—provoke their hostility. Then look thou upon the alternative ! Thou, Kishen Kower, even thou fairer than any among the daughters of thy people,—from being the pride of thy lineage must

become its shame,—must bring the foulest stain upon its glory. Thou—the daughter not only of a Rajpoot, but of the head of all the Rajpoot tribes,—*thou* must waste thy useless life in unwedded solitude,—and the years of existence must be passed in bewailing thy virginity. Or—”

Chand Bhaee paused, and her lofty eye looked full on the face of her young kinswoman.

“Or Kishen Kower must die!”—said the young princess, supplying the meaning which Chand Bhaee had left unspoken, and for an instant a shuddering chillness crept through her whole frame.

“Thou hast spoken wisely,” replied Chand Bhaee. “It is fitting she should die!”

There was silence, and now that the dread moment was come, the heart of Kishen Kower trembled.

“But when?—but where?”—she wildly asked. “Not now—not here! I would bid my father farewell,—I would see once more the pleasant sun;—I would look yet again upon what I leave.—Some hours hence, and then——”

“Not so,” said Chand Bhaee, firmly. “Listen to my words, Kishen Kower. Even on the morrow the messenger of the Rajahs departs, and for the safety of the Maharana, it were well he should bear the tidings that that which *must* be done, *is* done! Thy father too hath a heart weaker than the heart of the weakest woman. In vain his ministers counsel,—in vain he acknowledges that there is but this one way by which to escape dishonour or ruin,—the feebleness of human affection unnerves him; the Rajpoot forgets the dignity of his caste; the Maharana hazards the security of his kingdom; he feels only that he is thy father!”

Kishen Kower wrung her hands in agony, and she wept with convulsive bitterness.

“It remains for thee therefore, in sacrificing life, to sacrifice also all the solace with which thou mightest wish to surround its parting moments!” continued Chand Bhaee. “For himself, in his all-absorbing love of thee, thy father cannot think,—think, therefore, for him! Save the kingdom of the Maharana. Save also thy family from dishonour, and surround thy name

with glory for ever ;—or if thou *wilt* live,—see if thou canst brook the shame that must track thy future existence !”

Kishen Kower arose, and her young form seemed to dilate beneath the strong emotion of her spirit. “Nay, but *I* am a Rajpoot in heart and mind even as *thou* art, my kinswoman,” she said. “True that my evil destiny depresses my house ; true that I hold my life only to bring on it perpetual trials ;—from my birth, was not the hand of Bhowanee upon me ? Let fear and woe, therefore, cease henceforth for ever. Propitious be the death which shall bring honour to my father and glory to his people !”

The princess paused, and thrice Chand Bhaee clapped her hands. In instant obedience to the signal, Heera Bhaee appeared. She bore a vase of a single beryl in her hand, and with a countenance which was as firm as it was melancholy, she tendered the cup to Kishen Kower.

The princess received it. “It had been kinder, Heera Bhaee, if the sacrifice had been

made ere the victim had learned to love life," she said. "But the last words of thy nursling shall not be reproaches, and she receives this draught from thee as thankfully as ever she quaffed the cooling beverage thy hands were wont to prepare in the burning summer. Thou seest the bridegroom comes not ; but I go to him *whose face is wrapt in his own shadow !* Say to my father that his daughter died not unworthy of her name ! Comfort all who love me. And now, Bhowanee, the expiatory sacrifice is complete !"

She raised the chalice to her pale lips, and quaffed it to the very dregs.

So perished Kishen Kower !

THE SICK CERTIFICATE.

It was towards the close of day in August, and the sun was going down dimly and gloomily. The sea was white, pale, and death-like, as it lay quietly under the heavy clouds that girdled the horizon, forming the sea-bank, portentous of storm and wind. The air was damp and heavy, and the eye turning landwards was still impressed by sad images,—by bare and rocky hills, whose summits were half-hidden in the curling mist,—by masses of trees, mangoes, cocoas, palmiras, plantains, whose pleasant green gloomed through that dim and twilight atmosphere like melancholy grey. No rain had fallen during the day. It was one of those breaks in the monsoon when

the sufferer actually seems to inhale steam, and when every breathing of the invalid appears a gasp for life. Not a breeze to pass over the throbbing temples, or to wave the lightest leaf that ever hung on tree or shrub ! It seemed to the drooping energies of the pale beings who were gazing on the scene, as if the pulse of creation had stopped.

There were two persons looking out alternately upon the land and the sea with feelings of the most painful interest,—a husband and wife. The former was evidently suffering from some severe malady ; the cheek of the latter was as pallid as his own, and her eye, if its glance were somewhat less leaden, was still shaded by an anxiety which words never express. His hand was clasped in her's, and his head rested against her bosom as she stood with her arm encircling his neck ; and they seemed, sufferers as they were, not to be wholly without comfort, as they clung together thus lovingly.

Their silence had continued some time, for their hearts were filled with thoughts to which

neither cared to give utterance. At length Captain Darnley, for so was he called, drawing the beloved form on which he leaned still more closely to him, asked her, "And you do not think I improve much then,—do you, Anne, dearest?"

"A little, dear, a *little*, I hope and trust," replied the wife soothingly, willing to impart the comfort she required, and had not! "You know your appearance never changes *very* much, and—"

"Oh, Anne, Anne, but it *does* change, my darling girl. Look at this vest! it is not so long since it fitted me closely,—and the sleeves—and—alas, am I *not* changed?"

"Oh, thinner, Darnley, thinner, to be sure. You know in this country how soon one is pulled down! And then recovery is always so slow! One can scarcely see any improvement; though, in fact, one is improving, dear. Now *do* be cheered, my own dear husband! Let us think how happy we shall be in sweet, beautiful, beloved England; how soon we

hope to be there. Is it not quite delightful, Darnley?"

"Oh, yes, yes, it is delightful, if we were but *sure*! Tell me again what Thompson said?"

"He said, 'India will not do for Darnley; he must go home.' And then he asked me if I should like it; and need I tell you, dear, how frankly and cordially, and rapturously I answered 'Yes, yes, yes,' a hundred times. And his words were, 'We must send him then.' I could only exclaim, 'Without delay! without delay!' And off he went, promising to come again this evening."

"It is getting late; I wish he would come. Why does he not give me the certificate at once?"

"Oh, but after what he has said there cannot be the shadow of a doubt on the matter, you know, dear George. An officer's word is so sacred,—and a professional man too,—of that profession moreover which so imperiously requires from its practitioners the greatest recti-

tude and honour, and good feeling! Oh, I cannot for an instant think that he will fail us. It is impossible!"

"Heaven bless you for that hope, my dearest; and I might feel it too if——" The appearance of the person to whom he was referring interrupted the sentence.

Doctor Thompson was the medical officer of Darnley's regiment. In the East every professional man is called "Doctor" by courtesy; or rather *was*, for in our days the influence of "the schoolmaster" is, in some unimportant details, reaching to this *ultima Thule* of civilization.

Mr. Assistant Surgeon Thompson, for such was his *bonâ-fide* style and title, was a short, thick, bluff-looking personage, about thirty years old, with a pair of prominent lack-lustre red eyes, sleek black hair, hanging straight, lanky, and damp, over his forehead, and leaving on the collar of his jacket evident indications of its too great lengthiness. Over his burly-looking face an expression of great meekness and loving-kindness was superinduced, and

it was not until after two or three interviews that you detected in the oblique, lateral glances of his eyes, a sentiment which could be translated only into a looking-out keenly after his own interest. He had the character of being a very inoffensive man. He was civil to every body, and almost *too* attentive to his patients. He had such a conviction of the infallibility of the commanding-officer for the time being, as befitted a person of his humble temper, which did not permit him to place his own judgment in competition with that of his superiors. He was fortunate in quickly discovering the good qualities of any officer who happened to have influential connexions, and commendably prudent in eschewing the society of such refractory youths as ventured to canvass the doings of their betters,—conducting himself altogether with laudable discretion amongst the promiscuous society of the mess-table, avoiding any intermeddling with the opinions and assertions commonly ventured there.

Captain Darnley was *only* a gentleman by birth, education, and by *principle*. He had

othing beyond his pay, and those clinging relics of youthful folly—his debts. Moreover, he had a young and accomplished wife; but as *home* was his object, he economized to the utmost, and, to Mr. Assistant-Surgeon Thompson's gently expressed surprise, saw little society, and "gave no feeds." He had no interest in India,—no expectations from patronage. His relations, aristocratic as they were, could do nothing for him; they had no Indian influence. Captain Darley was, to add to his other misfortunes, a popular man with his corps generally, and as Lieutenant-Colonel Bore, at that time commanding, was very much the reverse, it follows of course, that Darnley was no favourite at head-quarters, and, as another necessary consequence, none with Doctor Thompson, save and except a slight saving clause on the score of prospective contingencies.

To return to the hall of Captain Darnley's house.

"Bless my soul, Darnley!" said the professional gentleman, endeavouring to light up

his face to an explosion of delight. "Why, you're quite another man! I declare I should scarcely have known you, you look so amazingly better!"

"Then my looks sorely belie my feelings," said Darnley coldly, and as quietly as he could. "I am *very* ill to-night, Thompson, and I wish you would give me something composing."

"To be sure, my dear Sir, to be sure," returned Thompson with great warmth of manner; "we shall be able to manage that easily, that is, if we find from the symptoms, you know—But I beg your pardon, Mrs. Darnley; upon my word I was so engrossed by Darnley's evident improvement, that I really did not see you. How do you find yourself this evening? You look but poorly."

"Oh, but I feel much better," returned Mrs. Darnley. "You know the progress of my disorder is greatly affected by the state of my mind, and since you declared your intention of sending Captain Darnley home, I am beginning to feel quite strong in the hope of seeing dear England shortly."

“ True, true, to be sure ; that is, if he requires it, you know ; for of course I should be unwilling to send him away, except in a case of absolute necessity, for his own sake,” said Doctor Thompson smoothly. “ It adds so much to an officer’s term of slavery ! And really, if Darnley goes on improving at this rate, I hope and believe it will be needless.”

“ Really now, doctor, you must excuse my disagreeing with you,” said Mrs. Darnley, who saw with a trembling heart the shadow that was settling on her husband’s brow. “ It is not many hours since you saw Captain Darnley, and how the improvement has occurred, or wherein it consists, I confess myself at a loss to discover. In short, my dear Doctor Thompson, I think the certificate quite as necessary now as it was this morning ; and I think moreover, and I assure you I am a deeply interested observer, that it is probable it will not be less necessary a month hence, if you intend keeping us here so long.”

“ I intend ? My dear Madam, I have no *intention* in the matter but that of doing my

duty, and that duty requires me to assure you, that *you* at least ought not to remain in India another day, if it could be avoided."

"Go without my husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Darnley, in a tone and with a gesture of horror. "Never, if death be the alternative."

"Nevertheless, you *must* go, my dear Anne," said her husband calmly. "And as for me, we will talk about that another time."

"No, we will talk about it *now*, George," returned Mrs. Darnley, collecting herself,—
"we will talk about it *now*, as is most fitting and proper, where interests so dear to both of us are at stake. And I will assure Doctor Thompson that he, as an unmarried man, may perhaps be excused for imagining such treason against woman's heart, as to believe the wife capable of leaving the sick husband in a clime so hostile. But *you*, Darnley, ought to deem better of me. However, doctor, let me tell you frankly, if you think it inconsistent with your duty to send Captain Darnley away, be it so;—do nothing against such convictions.—Our alternative must be to procure leave to

visit the Presidency, and see whether the medical gentlemen there disagree with you,—whence we shall call on you for a statement of Darnley's case, and your mode of treatment."

"You take up my words too hastily, Mrs. Darnley," said Doctor Thompson, whose naturally red face glowed purple beneath the searching eye of the anxious wife. "I did not say that a sick-certificate for Darnley would be absolutely unnecessary;—but we must take time—and think about it—And, in short, I dare say we shall be able to arrange matters very well,—but do not let us be too hasty—nothing like deliberation, you know—hey, Captain Darnley!—Oh, we shall do very well!"

Darnley turned from him with ill-concealed disgust. But his wife had greater self-command, and she once more repeated calmly the assurance, that if, on the morrow, Darnley showed no change of symptoms, either Doctor Thompson must give the necessary certificate, or Darnley would forward an application to army head-quarters for leave to visit the Presidency forthwith.

“I trust Darnley *will* be better in the morning,” was Doctor Thompson’s parting wish. “At any rate, if he is not, it will be time enough then to decide on sending him away. So good night, Darnley;—keep yourself up;—good night, Mrs. Darnley;—take care of yourself, and be *good-spirited*,—*you* must go home at least.” And so he left them, hastening away to prevent Mrs. Darnley’s accurately anticipated reply.

The husband and wife turned their eyes on the countenance of each other, and read feelings and indignation too deep for words. They stood in sad silence for a few minutes, interrupted at length by Captain Darnley’s continuing the train of his thoughts, and saying—“Well, Anne, was I deceived?—Did not I tell you yonder man was *never* to be relied on if permitted to escape for a moment from your own immediate observation.”

“He is a base and time-serving wretch,” exclaimed Mrs. Darnley with unusual warmth, in words wrung from her by the bitterness of the suffering to which she knew full well they

were exposed. "But do not droop, dearest George;—believe me we *will* go home and—"

"At least *you* must, Anne;—even this idiot can see the necessity of *your* remaining no longer in a climate like this."

"Do not talk of parting, Darnley," said his wife earnestly and in a manner almost solemn. "I will *never* leave you;—thy home shall be my home,—and where thou liest there will I also be buried."—And she burst into a passion of tears, and long they wept in each other's arms.

When they looked up from that sad embrace, the dimness of the closing day had passed away. The full moon had risen, and was shining, as it never shines beyond the tropics, with a splendour that brought out every object in strong relief. The sea lay beneath its rays, one broad sheet of silver, and the outlines of the hills were traced in marked distinctness. The sweet fragrance of that shrub known familiarly in India as 'the Burmese creeper,' which threw its fairy boughs, hung with bells varying through all shades from white to crimson, over

an arched trelliswork, streamed into the hall through the open venetians, inviting the invalid to approach and enjoy the balmy breeze which its perfume enriched.

Arm-in-arm Darnley and his wife passed into the garden. They walked some time in silence unbroken by any other communion than that occasional pressure of the hand which told whither their thoughts were turning. Darnley at length seemed fatigued, and threw himself on the bench beneath the Burmese creeper.

“Is this safe, dear?” said the anxious wife, inhaling the air more freely, as if thus she wished to ascertain whether any vapours there could injure the frail frame of the being who was the whole world to her.

“There is not a particle of moisture abroad, my dearest,” said he. “The sea-breeze has sprung up, and it is so refreshing after this dismal day!—Go and get your shawl, Anne;—the breeze is almost cold;—come back to me quickly.”

She left him, and Darnley restless and uneasy rose to walk. He paced to the ex-

tremity of the avenue, and he paused to look down on the sea, as the surf, beating more violently every moment, broke upon the rocks. Every wave was crested, and his heart throbbed strongly, as if to welcome the freshening breeze. He panted for his home. His very spirit was sickening as he saw the wife of his bosom fading under the influence of the tropical sun,—drooping, notwithstanding her efforts to collect her energies. And he knew that to achieve this end there was but one visible means; and whether that was to be within his grasp or not, depended on the fiat of a man whom, in his deepest soul, he despised with absolute loathing.

Louder than the dashing of the ocean the voice of his thoughts rose within him. But what sound can drown the faintest whisper of the human being who is the object of strong passion—whether of love or hate?

Above the roaring of the surge,—above his own tumultuous feelings, Darnley at that instant caught the voice of Thompson.

With no consciousness of the moral bearing

of the action, panting and breathless with strong emotion, he stood leaning against one of a group of murgosas. And as he listened he heard words like these.

“But, my dear Captain Ashton,” expostulated Doctor Thompson,—“if you could but have witnessed the violence of Mrs. — mention no names,—safe plan, you know,—you would have been positively shocked. I assure you, upon my honour as a medical man, her threats absolutely terrified me,—and, really—upon the whole, I think the best thing we can do will be to send them off instantler.”

“Ruin—ruin—my good fellow,” returned his companion, whom Darnley would instantly have recognized, if the address of Doctor Thompson had not already pointed him out. “To let Darnley once quit these shores without first getting fairly out of my way, will be actual destruction to my prospects. And then consider, Thompson, how much the corps will be benefited by such a step. It is not my interests only that are concerned. Look at the lieutenants, nay ensigns of seven years’ stand-

ing!—How are they looking out for Darnley, think you?—No, no—Thompson, you owe it to us to keep him here until he is fairly sickened. In another month he will be glad to go away on any terms. Let him *have* the certificate, in Heaven's name, *conditionally*. And what matters it to him whether he invalids or not? His expecting ever to arrive at the majority is absurd. He keeps others back without any earthly benefit to himself. Really, I think we are positively his best friends, in forcing him to do that which every rational being must see well enough that he ought to have done long since."

"Well, of course you know best," returned Doctor Thompson. "I wish to do everything I can to please the regiment. And you know, Captain Ashton, the Zillah of Bopore will shortly be vacant, and a word from you at the Adjutant-General's office ——"

"Will surely not be wanting," added Captain Ashton; and more he might have said, but Darnley's frenzy was no longer to be kept within bounds. Animated by the unnatural

strength of passion, he cleared the hedge at one bound, and confronted the astonished pair.—“Scoundrels and cowards!”—he gasped, and farther utterance was suspended by ungovernable emotion.

In a moment Captain Ashton saw his advantage, and regained his usual coolness. Perhaps he had not been thrown off his equilibrium three times in the course of his life. He was proverbially cool;—calm beneath looks of contempt which did all but speak daggers;—calm beneath the general disgust that caused his presence to be shunned almost as a contagion; calm beneath whispered taunts and innuendoes that would have maddened a sensitive man, and have nerved to manual repulse any arm but that of a coward.

And at this moment he felt he had the lion in the toils. He saw with the eye of the practised huntsman who watches the tiger he has just chafed,—with such an eye Captain Ashton marked the pale quivering lip,—the distended nostril,—the foam each breathing drew forth from Darnley,—and he knew well

that he was utterly beyond self-command. The presence of Thompson was his own safe guard, and also, for the cool soldier was collected enough to extend a very prospective view into the future, his best evidence in the crisis to which the maddened Darnley was surely hastening.

Therefore, addressing himself to his victim, he enquired deliberately, with the air of a man all-unconscious of aught base or wrong, to what he was indebted for the honour of Captain Darnley's presence at so unexpected a moment, and in a manner so utterly unprecedented?

Such an address was to throw fuel on the flame. The rage of Darnley became every instant more violent, and his body shook strongly beneath the force of his tremendous passion.

"Ashton," said he, with a voice hoarse but subdued into an unnatural and frightful calmness of tone, "I have ever deemed you a cold, calculating, selfish knave, who, beyond the sphere of your own vile interests, cared for nothing, loved nothing; and I have avoided

you accordingly, as all honest men avoid you. I know that for your own miserable advancement, you would be content to sacrifice the lives—the hopes of tens of thousands.”

“Sir,” interrupted Captain Ashton, “you may spare yourself the trouble of an harangue, and of the vain expenditure of an eloquence which cannot but prove injurious to your constitution in its present enfeebled state. I request you to leave my premises, where you are an intruder—equally unwelcome and undesired.”

“Now, mark me, Ashton,” said Darnley in a louder voice, “if I live until this arm is once more nerved, I will call you to such account for this as shall try the strength of your crafty soul. I know you, Sir, now; I have overheard your projects, and I trust the Almighty God will not allow prosperity to your foul villainy. You pursue your snake-like course, hidden beneath the shadow of others, but leaving your filthy slime on all you touch; but for once I have tracked your windings! And for your worthy coadjutor, I shall find a day for him

too; albeit the stake of one honest man's life is all too much to set against the polluted existence of two such wretched cowards and villains. Yes, Captain Ashton, note it well—mark it well; I tell you to your teeth you are liar, coward, and scoundrel,” and Darnley, still nerved by his frenzy, left the compound as he had entered it.

The excitement lasted until Darnley had reached his couch. Then, when the moment of reaction came, faint, breathless, cold dewes bursting from every pore, he lay in a state of infantine weakness, or of utter unconsciousness. There needed no busy messenger to tell his wife what had occurred. When she returned to seek Darnley, she heard his voice in altercation with Captain Ashton; and the very sight of his companion explained to her that he must have been the auditor of some irritating communication, and that his impetuosity had urged him instantly to seek their presence and tell them so.

It was a night of terrible anxiety to that devoted wife. The husband of her choice, the

beloved of her youth, lay on his couch languid, exhausted, unconscious of her care, insensible to her voice. Far from bringing them nearer to the longed-for period of their quitting India, this event, admitting it to have only the happiest results, must retard their departure. And she felt that, of Darnley's ultimate recovery, an immediate change to the blessed air of his native shore, afforded the *single* hope. He had experienced no improvement even when all around was tranquillity; and how would he now endure the excitement necessarily attendant on the consequences of that action, which she well knew would be construed into a military offence?

But when she contemplated those consequences, her spirit did not fail: she almost wondered at the calmness and fortitude with which she regarded that which might probably entail on them utter ruin. She knew enough of the regulations of the service to be aware that, admitting the case to be proved, there was but one sentence to be pronounced by a Court-martial animated by the most favourable feel-

ings—Dismissal. And then, what would become of them, destitute as they were of resources? The very circumstance under which they would in that case return to their native country, would wear an appearance of disgrace, which might afford some plea of justification to the coldness of friends, too willing, alas! to be cold when their friendship is most-needed! Such a prospect was dreary enough, but, as she afterwards confessed, her heart was at that trying season strongly, *strangely* supported.

Long before the anticipated visit of the Adjutant, Darnley had recovered consciousness and even composure. His wife had heard from his own lips the conversation between Ashton and Thompson, of which he had been an auditor, and her hopes gathered strength as she listened. Darnley did not for a moment attempt to conceal from her his conviction that the harshest proceedings would immediately be instituted, and he was satisfied when she knew the whole, and her fortitude shrank not. He was more—he found comfort in *her* comfort.

“Always make me aware of the real nature

of our position," she was accustomed to say. "God gave me to you as your friend and helpmate, and how can I be useful to you in either character, if half that I ought to know is, from mistaken consideration, concealed from me? I might as well attempt to lead a person through a dangerous road blindfolded."

The Adjutant entered the hall with a most reluctant step. Darnley was lying on a couch, and Mrs. Darnley rose to receive their visitor. She hastened to relieve him from his embarrassment by assuring him of a welcome. "We have expected you," she said; "you must do your duty, Mr. Percy; you are come for Darnley's sword."

"Such is the painful office that has fallen to me in this unfortunate business," replied Mr. Percy. "Darnley, my good fellow, the whole regiment sympathises with you, though we have heard nothing but what that disgusting Thompson has thought fit to insinuate. We are quite satisfied that you have had great provocation."

Darnley and his wife together explained the whole matter. "Precious pair!" said Mr.

Percy, who had listened attentively. "Do not be discouraged, Darnley; I don't apprehend any *ultimate* evil to yourself, whatever the immediate result may be. To tell you the truth, old Bore is perfectly delighted that he has been able to lay his hand on you. He and Ashton have been closeted ever since parade this morning, and the doctor was sent for previously to the breaking up of the conference. They have framed the charges together, of course, and cleverly framed they are!"

There was the preamble, as usual, for "conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman," exhibited in three instances; first, in Darnley's having unwarrantably forced himself on the presence of Captain Ashton, by overleaping a fence which separated their respective compounds, and remained there contrary to the express desire of Captain Ashton; secondly, in having, at the same time and place, without any provocation, threatened Captain Ashton with a challenge to fight a duel; and, thirdly, in having applied to him the terms "liar and coward," with other violent and abusive lan-

guage—the whole being in breach of the articles of war.

Such is an outline of the charges, which Darnley read over with a smile of pure, unmixed contempt. Not that he was blind to the fact of the necessary sentence that must follow their being proved; but he disdained, with the deepest scorn, the malignant bitterness that had so striven for his ruin, and shrunk from encountering him where—bad and lamentable as the fact is—a soldier believes all *his* personal grievances ought to meet redress.

It would be idle to follow the thoughts of the suffering pair through all the mazes in which they deviated during the interval which necessarily intervened before the day of trial. In the all-absorbing occupation of his mind, Darnley's bodily sickness was almost disregarded. True, he was feeble as a child; but the pains that had once tortured every limb, had for the present ceased, and so far he was in a state of comparative ease. If ever woman was what God designed her to be—a helpmate for man—Mrs. Darnley was that woman. Unwearied in

her attention, untiring in her patience, she listened with ready ear to all the conjectures with which his sickly mind occupied itself; she aided his weakness; by her evident fortitude she taught him resignation; and by the piety which was her best support at all times, and *now* felt indeed as a rock of defence, she was enabled to trust Him "who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," and to contemplate the future without despair.

And she had much to occupy her. There was one solitary point in which she could ask counsel of none but her own bosom; and long and frequent were her communings with that counsellor. To open to Darnley the secret with which her thoughts were occupied, would but inflict on him an anxiety tenfold more cruel than her own, and force on her the task of lightening *his* apprehensions whilst she had to combat her own. Therefore, after much consideration—after bringing every faculty of her mind to bear upon the subject—after having devoutly and humbly sought guidance and light from "the fountain of all wisdom," she took

courage, and did boldly that which she believed her highest duties called on her to do.

Before the charges against Darnley were returned from the Adjutant-General's office to his regimental head-quarters, a simple but copious statement of his case had been privately conveyed to one who, whatever might be the fiat of the court-martial, had the approval or disapproval of it in his power. The statement took a retrospective view of the dreadful state of bodily suffering to which Captain Darnley had for so many months been a prey; it went on to record various instances of annoyance on the part of Captain Ashton, which, though too skilfully contrived to be tangible, were not the less likely to irritate a high-feeling man, who was conscious of their design and writhed beneath their effects. It asserted, also, the hostility of Colonel Bore, his close alliance with Captain Ashton, and certain occurrences in which nothing but Captain Darnley's interference had prevented the grossest violation of all discipline. It revealed the system under which Doctor Thompson had acted — that,

alarmed by the evident danger of Darnley, he had volunteered to give him a sick-certificate to England; that, so far from improving, Captain Darnley had daily become worse, up to the very evening when the events occurred on which the charges preferred against him had been framed. It disclosed the tergiversation manifested on that evening by Doctor Thompson, which had naturally tended to irritate Captain Darnley to excess. It then went on to relate without comment, verbatim, the conversation overheard by Darnley between Captain Ashton and Doctor Thompson, when Darnley, irritated to frenzy by such palpable demonstration of the evil influence that was at work against him, was impelled to that unfortunate violence which had reduced him to his present dangerous predicament.

“If the opinion of a man’s fellows,” thus it concluded, “be satisfactory evidence of his character, then let all Darnley’s brother officers be called on to bear record. Ask of them whether he be not of courage as noble as ever animated the pulse of officer and gentleman,

yet of heart gentle to the lowest and weakest? Ask of them whether his integrity stand not on so proud a basis, that his word alone is sufficient to authenticate any fact for which he pledges it? Ask of them, whether, although he insist on subordination to the utmost, he be not the unwearied friend of every soldier under him; the patient investigator of their claims—the merciful instructor of their ignorance?—the most honourable gentleman, the most upright man, the truest of friends, the most indulgent of masters, and ah! the tenderest of husbands! What mighty provocation must that have been which could rouse so brave and gentle a spirit to the commission of the violence of which he stands accused! And what, after all, was that violence? Exists there a man, who, under such an outrage, would have done less than brand the perpetrators of it with names such as well befitted them? Were they less black than he charged them with being? And although, to repel such charges, men of honour hourly peril their lives, with the offence of provoking them to such an act he cannot be

charged; for his accusers have borne more than this, and still they and their enemies remain unscathed! They have borne the withering sarcasm, and the bitter taunt, until it has become familiar to their ears; and the first wound they have affected to feel on their honour, has been inflicted at the precise moment when they had power to skreen themselves behind the military law, and vindicate their injured reputation by bringing ruin on their opponent, for that which, after all, amounts to no more than a breach of military etiquette!"

The day of trial arrived, and Darnley, the prisoner, was carried from his palankeen into the presence of the Court. Worn and attenuated as he was, palid and changed, his calm and composed eye bore evidence that all was at peace within. Many a one of the members of that Court looked on him with pity and respect. Darnley was so well known for all that soldiers love as brightest and best, and the circumstances of his case came so home to men's business and bosoms, that it must be avowed the convocation was hardly prepared to

consider the fact impartially. Captain Ashton, moreover, was what is technically called in the army, a marked man: a *party* he had indeed, for he had interest; and time-servers and sycophants, the servile and selfish, are to be found everywhere. But it had been emphatically observed of him, by one well calculated to judge, "He had brothers and sisters, kinsmen and wife, but he was the friend of no man, and no man was his friend." Men felt that they could have no sympathy with one who stood aloof from them in cold solitariness; and whether he were loved or respected the least, it might have embarrassed the profoundest metaphysician to determine.

It is not intended in this place to paint all the forms of the proceedings. The Judge-Advocate-General was a man well skilled in all the routine of his department, and everything, as might be expected, was regular even to the letter. The trial occupied but a few hours. Darnley's defence was read by the Judge-Advocate, and the sensation with which it was received, proved the force of the manly plain-

ness with which the facts were recorded as they stood. The Court adjourned until the following day, when they again assembled to record the sentence, and witness the signing and sealing of the proceedings.

When the trial was absolutely finished,—when Darnley knew that so far his fate was decided,—he resigned himself to patient expectation of the return from the Commander-in-Chief. He felt that if he had hazarded the provision for his own existence,—and for that of the wife far dearer to him than life,—he had now done his utmost to redeem his error. Sometimes, although he felt that his patience had been tried beyond the limits of man's endurance, he looked on the pale cheek of that beloved being once so fair, and repented in bitterness that he had given his enemy this advantage over him. But the voice of her consolation, always ready to minister to his wounds; soothed the anguish of his remorse, and awakened him to hope. Yes,—to a higher and better hope than any this frail world, with all its glorious pageantry, can bestow,—even to that hope from

which *she* had gathered strength to support her, when the poor body that enshrined her spirit, seemed debilitated to that pitiable weakness for which there is rest only in the grave.

The proceedings returned, and a Division Order commanded the attendance of the general staff, of the commanding officers and staff of the station, and of the commanding officer, staff, and all other European commissioned officers of Darnley's regiment, at eleven A. M. on the following morning. The whole place was in commotion. Horses, buggies, palankeens, all were put in requisition;—and there was the hurrying to and fro, as of men bent on an important object,—after all, the inquiry perhaps of the Athenians,—“Is there any new thing?”—Whispers began to be in circulation, emanating from somebody who had been fortunate enough to obtain a sight of the important despatches. In short, many hearts beat more strongly than those of the sick prisoner and his wife; and other breasts, perhaps, trembled with more fearful apprehensions than those of that afflicted pair.

On the following day, all who had been sum-

moned, attended at the head-quarters of the division. There was a splendid display of the "pomp and circumstance" of military decoration. There was the scarlet and the gold and the embroidery; and the rattling of swords, and of spurred-heels; and the glitter of helmets with their waving plumes. And Darnley was there too, arrayed in his gorgeous trappings,—but without that sword which had done so much good service against the foes of his country,—without that sword which perhaps was to be restored to him no more.

The finding of the Court was read, pronouncing the prisoner guilty of every instance of the charge, save and except the words in the preamble describing his conduct as "unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman," and also the words "without *provocation*," in the second instance. The sentence of course was dismissal, but "under the circumstances of the case," the document went on to state, "the Court felt justified in earnestly recommending the prisoner to the merciful consideration of His Excellency. They begged respectfully to call

the attention of His Excellency to the long and painful illness under which Captain Darnley had previously been labouring,—an illness which up to the present moment exerted its distressing influence,—an illness which his own medical attendant had pronounced incurable in this country, and as a remedy for which, that very medical attendant, Assistant-surgeon Thompson, had himself prescribed a return to Europe. The Court begged strongly to remark on the evidence given by that officer, being, as he was, the single witness subpoenaed in support of the prosecution ;—also on the framing of the charge, which had been so constructed as to remove from assistant-surgeon Thompson, the appearance of being one of the parties against whom Captain Darnley's unfortunately violent expressions had been directed. The Court having evidence to the fact, which, indeed, the prisoner had not denied, were bound by their oath to find him ' guilty,' and to record sentence of dismissal accordingly. But viewing the aggravated nature of the provocation,—being no less than a conviction that he had been deluded in

the hopes extended by the very man who had appeared on his trial as evidence against him,—the Court felt it their high and imperative duty earnestly to repeat their recommendation of Captain Darnley to the most favourable consideration of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, that a valuable and greatly respected officer might not be lost to the Company's service, for an offence which, grave as it might be in its military character, involved not the slightest taint of moral turpitude. The Court, therefore, relying on the known, &c. &c. &c."

And then came the remarks of the Commander-in-Chief, commencing, according to the formal routine, with His Excellency's disapproval.—The very finding, it said, ought to have guided the Court to pronounce a less severe punishment;—since they had exonerated the prisoner from "conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,"—and had also founded their recommendation of his case to the favourable consideration of His Excellency, on the grounds of the extreme provocation that had led Captain Darnley to so violent an expression of his feel-

ings, as had unfortunately placed him in jeopardy. Much as the Commander-in-Chief lamented the intemperance of which Captain Darnley had been guilty, His Excellency concurred with the Court in pronouncing the provocation extreme;—indeed he had satisfaction in bearing his testimony to its being altogether unprecedented in the course of his experience. He congratulated Captain Darnley on the almost unanimous testimony his brother officers had so nobly borne to his high and unimpeachable integrity. The Commander-in-Chief expressed his satisfaction in being able to restore to their fellowship an officer so greatly, and—so far as he could be guided by the records now submitted to him—so deservedly beloved. He directed, in conclusion, that Captain Darnley should be released from arrest, and return to his duty forthwith.

Scarcely did the impatient audience allow the sonorous voice of the Assistant Adjutant-General to subside into its concluding pause, before, forgetful of the etiquette of the meeting, hands were extended to grasp Darnley's, and eyes

were beaming with congratulation and delight, and whispered praises were hailing his restoration to his proper place. The lips of many a brave man trembled then with emotions such as sterner natures blush to display; and poor Darnley, weak in body, overwhelmed with the sudden rush of feelings, with the untameable zeal of the fiery spirits of his band of devoted friends, oppressed by the effusion of friendship and applause that would not be restrained, covered his face, and wept aloud.

The meeting dissolved, and surrounded by a gallant cavalcade, the palanquin of Darnley passed swiftly down the line of the Cantonment. They arrived at his door, and his happy friends parted with him there, for they knew well *who* was awaiting with fear and trembling, within his home.

It was a moment of deep joy,—Darnley felt that its peculiar character singled it out from all other moments of his life, when he clasped in his arms the being who had been saved from utter destitution, and who now, looking in his face, exclaimed—“Tell me nothing,—I read it

all *there*. You are acquitted, and triumphant ; I am sure you are."

And he confirmed the blissful assurance, and detailed, so far as his agitation would permit, the occurrences of the morning. And he tasted yet another honey-drop in the cup of that day's bliss ; for he learned then, for the first time, the effort on which she, in the depth of her wife-like devotion, had ventured, unassisted by advice or influence ; and he rejoiced the more, to think that, in part at least, he owed the preservation of his professional reputation to the firmness of the gentlest being that ever smoothed the pillow of sickness.

In the Division Orders of that day, there appeared an Extract from General Orders, removing Colonel Bore from the command of Darnley's regiment ; and, almost at the same hour, Mr. Percy visited the happy pair to notify that Ashton and Thompson had both been placed in arrest, and that charges against them, framed at the Presidency, had actually arrived by the very *Dâk* which conveyed Darnley's acquittal.

That was a day of loud revelry at the Mess. It was not what is called a public day, but every officer brought so many friends with him, that it seemed as if the whole Cantonment had gathered there to celebrate a festival. Many a health was quaffed to Darnley and his wife, and loud and long were the encomiums lavished on them. *They* enjoyed a deeper and holier thankfulness in the quiet of their own home,—happy in their prosperity, as they had been resigned beneath their trial.

Darnley went to the Presidency so soon as his evidence had been given on the trials of Captain Ashton and Doctor Thompson. Indeed, their conspiracy had already been sufficiently proved in the former investigation, and form only rendered the repetition of it necessary. Darnley and his wife felt no triumph when they knew that their adversaries were disgraced and ruined. The moment of their own restoration to happiness had been that of forgiveness. And very shortly India, with all its train of sorrow and suffering and gaudy misery, where life is a skeleton dressed in glittering

robes, became to them as a land viewed in the visions of the night. For Darnley at the Presidency procured the certificate that enabled him to return to his father-land, and he quitted it no more. By representations in the proper quarter, and the kindness of a friend, he realized an income abundantly sufficient to afford him and the beloved of his heart every comfort, and some of the few luxuries that tempted their moderate wishes. In one of the southern counties, near the sea, stands his rose-covered home, the cynosure to which many an Indian wanderer's eye has been turned, and where hospitality has never cheated the expectations of those whose past kindness gave them the slightest claim to seek it.

CAPTAIN PHILIPSON'S CAREER.

AMONGST the Memoranda of our uncle Philipson, who died off the Cape in June 1830, on his passage from India to England, we find the following reminiscences, explanatory of the unfortunate circumstance of his having nothing to bequeath to his heirs, after twenty-five years spent in "the finest service in the world." They are presented to the public at large in the conviction that they will be found applicable to nine-tenths of the officers of the said service, and will at once save *them* the pain of "recounting all their miseries o'er again," and check the fervent aspirations of hungry aspirants after their speedy dissolution, by demonstrating that the inheritance they expect hath no more tan-

gible being than that with which their imaginations have invested it.

“ People who anticipate death, generally betake themselves to making a will. I, the writer of this document, being under the influence of that expectation, do declare that I abstain from such testamentary disposal of my estates, from the mere circumstance of having none to bequeath. In place of them I desire to give the benefit of my experience to my heirs, that they may be attracted to, or warned from, a similar dedication of their time, accordingly as they are capable, or otherwise, of receiving to their bosoms stern and unpalatable truths, instead of vain but delightful delusions. These memoranda of my career will, in my judgment, exculpate me from the charge of having disregarded opportunities of accumulating wealth, or having squandered it when accumulated, in the view of every candid mind, if any such there be amongst a crowd of disappointed heirs. To them therefore I give, all I have to bestow, these chronological series of the events of my life in India.

"I am a Cadet of 1806. My Ensign's commission bears the date of the following year. In the autumn of that year I quitted England, and landed in India in the early part of 1808.

"I ascertained, on arriving at the Presidency, that I was to proceed immediately to the Cadet's quarters at Cuddalore; that a tent would be furnished me by Government, and that the sum total of my pay and allowances would be thirty-two pagodas monthly, twelve pagodas being deducted as rent for the quarters which would be allotted me. My tent, according to regulations, was shared with another Cadet; and from our inexperience of what was really necessary, we departed with twice the requisite quantity of baggage and of attendance.

"The year at Cuddalore was spent by me as it was by others, in more than a sufficient quantity of drills, disobedience, riots, imprisonments, and, I regret to say, drunkenness. Shut out from all society, with none who cared for us in aught beyond the routine of military duty—the few seniors leading, and the majority,

unfledged boys of fifteen, following their guidance—introducing wine and liquors, rather because it was contrary to regulations, than agreeable to our taste—our time passed away in pursuits not only trifling but mischievous. If ever one act of wisdom has been performed by the Indian authorities, it is the abolition of this apprenticeship to all that is least likely to dignify the military life.

“At the expiration of my term of probation, I was posted to the 81st Regiment as third Ensign, and proceeded to the Presidency to join my corps.

“This occurred in that year so memorable to the Madras army, 1809. I am not about to enter in this place on a detail of the grievances that drove us—for I was of the mutineers—to extremities. May the wiser heads of the present generation avert, by concession and a proper regard for the soldier's interest, any repetition of that dangerous conjuncture! It should begin to be understood that an exasperated army—but I will not anticipate. Time will unfold all that is as yet hidden in its

unread pages. Suffice it that, after remaining ten months at the Presidency, the numerous band of officers found to be intractable were dispersed at different stations, and I, with many others, was ordered to Sadras.

"Three months we remained there in the unutterable bliss of idleness, and exemption from all military duty. My soul looks back on that short period with ineffable delight. There we were in the satisfactory consciousness of being engaged in a noble struggle for our rights, which dignified our inoccupation, and removed from our minds that unpleasant sensation of unimportance and inutility which complete indolence is apt to induce. Those blissful three months, however, expired at length, and we were ordered to Madras to sign the test, which was to restore us to the 'occupation that had gone.'

"One month sufficed for our abode in that capital city of dulness, prodigality, self-consequence, and ignorance, and we commenced a march to Hyderabad:—pleasantest of all military stations, with variety enough to give zest

to enjoyment, a society constantly fluctuating, and from its numerical strength, possessing capabilities of sufficient amusement! Happily floated away, on gay pinions, the year of my youth which there rose and waned! It was a moment of bitter regret when the order arrived, removing me to the other battalion, and directing me to proceed forthwith to its headquarters at Wallahjahbad.

“During this year I had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and of course arrived at a higher gradation of pay, my additional rank putting me in the immediate receipt of *one hundred and ninety-six rupees* monthly;—a splendid income, as must be apparent to all those who will take the trouble to calculate the inevitable expenditure consequent on the military life in India, the frequency of my removal from station to station, the expense of marching, and the inordinate price demanded for those European articles, both of dress and provision, which my profession in the one instance, and my health in the other, imperatively demanded!

"After a march of six weeks I arrived at Wallahjahbad, and was immediately detached to Poonamallee, forty miles from head-quarters. There I enjoyed six months of health and quiet; at the end of which period I rejoined the regiment, then under orders to march to Madras.

"My corps had been one of the most prominent in the agitations that had lately alarmed the Government, and it was suffering the usual effects of the indignation of petty tyrants. It was removed capriciously from station to station, a system which obviously could have but one design and tendency—to harass and '*break the spirits,*' as they called it, both of officers and men. We had not been five months at the Presidency before we were ordered to return to Wallahjahbad; and short as the distance is, the changing of quarters can never be effected without expense and discomfort. If it be an axiom that military men should be kept poor, no system on earth is better calculated to render them so than frequent removals. After six months' halt (for I cannot

call it abode) at Wallahjahbad, we were removed to Trichinopoly. The head-quarters of the regiment were stationed there during two years and a half: of that period I passed six weeks on detachment at Dindigul, and eighteen months at Sankerry Droog, where I had some opportunity of recruiting my finances in the obscurity of its profound retirement. We marched next to Bangalore.

“Two months had not elapsed from our arrival at that celebrated station, when his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief and his staff arrived there. Amongst the military exhibitions usual on these occasions, a sudden and unexpected order was issued, that my regiment should parade for the purpose of being inspected, &c. It paraded accordingly; but from some inattention or thoughtlessness on the part either of the commandant or the adjutant, the men appeared in *old* clothing, although the new for the current year had been issued some time. Doubtless this was a negligence, and one which a high-minded military man would not have visited with very high displeasure.

But in the eyes of a martinet, more distinguished for the desire of taking a prominent rôle than for talent to sustain it, it was an offence of the deepest dye, and to be visited with punishment accordingly. In the next day's orderly-book, we found ourselves under orders to proceed forthwith to Seringapatam, a measure unprecedented in the annals of military history in India, at a season of profound peace. We had not, as I have stated, been two months at Bangalore : every other corps, in the usual course of things, was supposed to be for removal before our tour could occur. Every feeling of common justice opposed the paltry tyranny. Moreover, it was sending our men to the very scene of conflict in which, in the memorable 1809, they had encountered the party of dragoons and the Mysore horse. Every bad feeling was likely to be roused by their proximity to the fatal plain. But the vindictive desire of revenging either past errors or present negligence, overcame considerations of prudence and policy, and with burning hearts

men and officers soon found themselves cantoned in the pestilent climate of Seringapatam.

“Four months had not elapsed when I was attacked with the dangerous fever peculiar to the place, and was sent by the surgeon to Bangalore. I remained there two months; but my illness augmented so much, and the symptoms were becoming so formidable, that it was deemed necessary to give me a certificate for Europe as the only chance of preserving my life.

“After nearly eight years' service, after having traversed so many thousand miles in *useless* fatigue, with all my military ardour damped by inglorious repose from arms, having never enjoyed an income exceeding two hundred a year, I found myself on the eve of embarking for my native land, under circumstances of most painful urgency, with no resources except the pittance allowed by the Government, and the noble addition furnished by one of the finest institutions in the world, the Military Fund. From the former I received fifteen hundred rupees, as passage money; from the latter,

four hundred rupees for equipment: from the Government ninety-two pounds* per-annum in England; from the Fund, an addition which augmented my income to one hundred and forty pounds. But even with this addition, magnificent as it is on the part of the Fund, how small were the comforts a sick man was able to procure! My malady was of that nature which rendered medical aid indispensable, and no luxury in the world is more expensive. A poor gentleman, of all others, can least afford to be ill. The Company lend no aid to that unfortunate portion of their servants who are so situated, beyond the pittance of the net pay of their rank. Here is no institution to afford that professional advice and assistance which is absolutely essential; and it is in this point that a Company's officer is likely to contrast his situation with that of his brethren of the King's service with the least pleasurable feelings. For myself, I was compelled to become a pensioner on my own family during the

* Now increased to one hundred and ten pounds, or thereabouts, I believe.

greater portion of my residence at home, which was prolonged by permission, from unavoidable circumstances, to a period exceeding four years.

“Early in October 1820, I revisited the Indian shore, recovered certainly, but with a constitution considerably enfeebled. I rejoined my corps at Chittledroog, and was immediately detached to Hurryhur, on the banks of the Toongabudra. After a sojourn there of two months, I returned to head-quarters, and found the regiment had proceeded on route to Nagpore, intending to halt at Bellary. I had scarcely arrived there, and given up my detachment, when from augmentation and arrangements in the army, which it is not necessary to discuss here, I was removed to the 164th.

“The 164th was then under orders to canton at Bellary, and I found its commanding officer there awaiting its arrival. I succeeded in obtaining his permission to remain, and, through him, that of the officer commanding the garrison. I procured quarters accordingly, and made myself as snug as circumstances allowed.

I had scarcely had a week's enjoyment of my comforts, when I was surprised by a visit from my commandant, whose object was to communicate his very unexpected revocation of his former leave, and his desire that I would proceed forthwith, and join my regiment on its route. All remonstrance was vain; capricious he was, and obstinate withal, and reasoning had as little influence on him as persuasion. I had no alternative; and with greater reluctance than I had ever felt on an occasion of marching, I made my preparations for this enforced and most useless journey.

“I proceeded with all the lingering delay characteristic of actions forced upon the will. In process of time, I found myself ten miles from Wallahjhabad, which the 164th had not yet quitted. My aversion to join amounting to absolute repugnance, I hazarded disobedience to orders, and directed my steps to the Presidency. I remained there a few days only and proceeded to Wallahjhabad, being in possession of the intelligence that the regiment had marched during that interval. I immediately followed in its wake, and at Chittoor nearly

overtook it. But here I received intelligence which entirely removed any slight intention I might have had of joining; I heard that sickness had broken out amongst the sepoys, and that it would be prudent to keep two or three marches in the rear. I followed this counsel very minutely, but this did not entirely ensure my safety. In crossing the ghaut I had a slight attack, but, not being much addicted to nervous alarms, I was fortunate enough to suffer little, and for a short time only. I arrived in safety at Bellary, having joined in the course of the two last marches.

“I had not been two months in quarters when I, was removed to the first battalion, then stationed at Berhampore, in Orissa. I reached head-quarters in January 1822, and was shortly detached to Kemidee. I remained five months; and, after a fortnight's interval at Berhampore, I was again detached to Aska. There I had a year and a half of as monotonous an existence as ever made man pronounce the hours of life to be ‘weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable;’ but at the end of that period the monotony was broken by a fever of the most severe and distressing nature.

I was removed immediately to Berhampore; but on recovering sufficiently, I effected my return to the detachment, finding nothing particularly delightful with the main body. The air of Aska, however, was manifestly most hostile to me, and after a very few weeks I was compelled again to quit, and rejoin the head-quarters. As soon as possible I went to Ganjam; but it was the very depth of the monsoon, and a measure indicative of little less than madness in my state of health at that time. An iron constitution bore me through, however, if not unscathed, at least with life. I returned to Berhampore, and thence on sick certificate to the Presidency.

“During the last three years, I had had two additional commissions; the first in 1822, giving me the brevet rank of Captain; and the other in 1824, bestowing on me that rank *bonâ-fide*, with all the additional pay and allowances thereunto belonging. At the same period there was an augmentation of pay through every rank of the army, and I ascended at once from one hundred and ninety to nearly four hundred rupees monthly—a very considerable influx of

prosperity, that in some measure compensated the severe disease which was afflicting me.

“The severity of the fever was not mitigated by change of air. After a few months of trial, and perhaps of dangerous delay, a second voyage to Europe was deemed necessary for me. But my elevation to superior rank had excluded me from any assistance from Government, and the prosecution of my voyage was effected by the aid of the Fund. In England I received something less than 200*l.* per annum, and of course, as far as regarded medical aid, I was in the same predicament precisely as during my subalternship, and, in truth, found my finances so much within my expenditure, as to be compelled to return to India before the expiration of my furlough.

“I found my regiment at Nagpore. Unable to join during the monsoon, I asked and obtained leave to do duty with another corps. After the lapse of five months, I reached headquarters in the month of December, under the influence of as bright a sky and as cool an air, at that season, as is to be found within the tropics. After a residence of two years in

camp, we were again under orders to march to the Northern Circars. Our route lay through the famous Chandah jungle, and an exceedingly unfavourable season again tried me to the utmost. I was left with a detachment three marches from head-quarters, and lingered under an attack of fever during three months, when I was again sent to the coast. The sea air, in as genial a climate as this country affords, produced no beneficial effect, and I am again recommended to return to England, with an assurance, that to live in India will, in future, be impossible for me. I have been borne on the strength of the Company's army twenty-five years, and I have unavoidably been compelled to pass seven years of that period in Europe; consequently, I have not served in India the prescribed period—twenty-two years, and am not entitled to the retiring pay of my rank, there being, to my knowledge, no admissible exception to this absolute rule. My half-pay will be granted to me, but with a broken constitution, how shall I exist on the pittance? I have no funds, no fortune, to aid me. *‘I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed!’*

GOING HOME.

LANGUAGE has no power to describe the emotions which these words excite in the heart of the exile. The care-worn—the bereaved—the ‘sick unto death’ rejoice in every pulse when they catch the first whisper of this blessed hope. It tells of ten thousand blessings that gladdened their early years, ten thousand ties from which they have been severed—of health, of comfort, of peace, and love. No ! earth has no balm equal to the power of this hope in the healing of the wounds of the spirit-broken.

And, oh ! to trace back, link by link, to the other extremity of the chain ; and then to recall the different state of excitement which marked the wayfarer’s embarkation on his first ‘*coming out* !’ Then ‘Hope shook her radiant locks,’ and earth seemed about to unlock her choicest

treasury of honours and of blessings. A long perspective of wealth and distinction lay before him. And there were other animating prospects too, less mercenary: the region to which he was proceeding, lay before his eye clad in all the colours with which his young fancy had decked her. He thought of her gorgeous palaces, and the rich array of her nobles and princes,—of jewelled crest and scimitar radiant with the spoils of the diamond mine. He anticipated also the clear, deep streams which intersect the land; the boundless landscape; the mountain wilderness; the forest-home of the kingly tiger; the varieties of animal creation; the rich and gorgeous flowers; the luscious fruits; the inhabitants so singular in their story of immutable customs, of unproselyting superstition. What a rich fund of legendary lore he would acquire from this curious people! How accurately he would observe their customs; how he would mingle with them, and scatter the seeds from which hereafter fruit might spring! Ay, *then* indeed his heart beat gaily, and if its pulse throbbed with saddened impulse when he turned back his thoughts to

those he had quitted, to the forests and the fields he had loved, it was but for a moment. He thought it 'a sober certainty of waking bliss,' that he should return to add to their wealth, and to gladden them with the announcement of his well-earned honours.

And *now*, he has been long awakened from that young dream. He has passed, perchance, through years of toil and suffering, to return prematurely to the land of his youth. He has no riches to add to the prosperity of those best loved; he has but a pittance sufficient to sustain his painful existence;—and *now* his empty honours 'are weighed in the balance, and found wanting.' Or perhaps he is one of the prosperous. His constitution has received no severe injury. He has accumulated ample fortune, and he goes to realize some of the projects of his boyish days;—to purchase an estate *here*—to build a house *there*—to befriend *this* individual—to retaliate on *that* a whole catalogue of injuries, that choicest hoard of memory, of which she never loses one grain! But, alas! the spring of heart that would have exulted over this prosperity, is gone for ever! Its

deadened pulse requires stronger excitement for enjoyment. He has many cherished habits to relinquish ; he has to *acquire* tastes for the brightest and best intellectual refinements of a society in the very height of civilization ; and he has the more difficult task of forgetting what *have* been his habits. Oh, no ! Going home is the only consolation left, but even that cannot restore all that time and adverse circumstances have taken away !

Reflections of this nature, however, rarely disturb the mind during the voyage. When the wind blows freshly and fairly, and every moment brings the vessel nearer to its port, the saddest heart beats more cheerfully, and the pulse of the invalid becomes more healthy. The very children participate in the joyousness around, soon forgetting, in *their* season of sunshine, that they have left all most fondly interested for them, and are too frequently about to experience the 'tender mercies' of strangers.

Yes, in almost every ship homeward bound, there are many of these little passengers, whom hard necessity compels parents to send to England for the benefit of education. This is a grievous subtraction from the happiness of an

existence spent in India. No thinking parent can ever resign his child to guardians, however trusted, over whom he can exercise no surveillance, without a pang of keen regret. Indeed, so painful is the trial, that many mothers shrink from encountering it, and keep their child in India to an age far more advanced than wisdom would deem prudent. Nowhere do children imbibe impressions of the most lamentable kind sooner than in India. No caution can entirely prevent this evil, for at this infantile age they must necessarily be left much to the care of Ayahs, and other servants, none of whom have a sense of the necessity of avoiding anything the most revolting to an European mind, in consideration of their charge. Indeed, in many cases, it would be impossible to convince them that such an avoidance was requisite or desirable; and therefore every judicious parent will be anxious to remove his child from the influence of moral contagion at the earliest possible period. As to intellectual cultivation, children must depend entirely on the resources of their friends, for no place of adequate education is to be found throughout India.

Children, however, are the most joy-inspiring of all passengers. Reckless of danger, unknowing of any evil present or future, their happy faces always ensure their welcome in the cuddy. The most care-worn brow smooths its wrinkles at their approach, and the very sailors derive confidence from their assurance of safety when a young child is in their vessel.

There are some, however, to whom joy and hope are long unknown. Yonder pale female, who leans over the taffarel, and strains her eye so intensely, in order to catch the last faint outline of the Indian shore, is a new-made widow. She is bereft of the husband of her love, and she leaves his ashes in that *to her* inhospitable land. It is true, she is returning to friends, to kinsmen; but who can compensate to *her* the loss of him with whom she first traversed the mighty ocean—with whom she has shared so many dangers, and so many joys;—of him to whose faithful heart she was wont to confide all her feminine fears and terrors in the hour of trial, and whose voice always soothed and blessed? Who can search into the depths of *her* sorrows, when her memory dwells—and when

does it *not* dwell?—on the thousand blessings his tenderness shed over her pathway? None, like him, can understand her looks—can translate the very tones of her voice into indications of her heart—can patiently endure to see that heart laid bare before him, and reproach no foible, forgive every folly, extenuate every fault? She seeks the shelter of her solitary cabin to give freer indulgence to her sorrow;—perhaps to hold communings with his spirit, whose presence appears almost sensible; or better still, to seek consolation from Him who is “the father of the fatherless and the friend of the widow.” She mingles little with the gayer ones around her; she has no joyous laugh to respond to their mirth; she knows that the only prospect of her future existence is bound up in a small cottage home in her own land, and her hope is excited most strongly when she most clearly pictures to herself its perfect retirement.

Every day brings improvement to the sick, and in proportion to the restoration of their health is their vivacity. Their minds recover their elasticity. They forget that they have already been near enough to death to feel his

chilly touch, and they begin to lay out plans for many years. What anxious consulting of the compass there is amongst them, and how they examine the daily progress marked out on the chart! Some are husbands and fathers returning to the bosom of their family with ample competence; and well may their hearts dilate when they anticipate the warm welcome so surely awaiting their arrival. If visions of the death or suffering of any of those beloved ones ever smite them, they turn with trembling from the cruel foreboding, and easily console themselves with the common anodyne to man's terrors of the evil day—that to them life has no delusion, the future no disappointment. If the prudent man condemns this foible, and the cautious sneers at it, they who are blessed with this happier spirit, may console themselves in the incalculably greater felicity that marks their progress.

That tall, thin, atrabilious-looking personage, lounging against the taffarel, with arms folded across his breast, just shutting in all *his* world, and eyes half closed in dignified abstraction, is Colonel Peterkin. He is a very old officer, has

long since enjoyed the off-reckonings, and for the last seven years has commanded a force: consequently, he has been in possession of authority little less than despotic; and power has made him ascribe to his own personal qualities a pre-eminence for which he was indebted only to his position. It is nearly forty years since he quitted the British shore, and he retains scarcely one distinctive quality of an Englishman. Accustomed to obsequious deference from the many, he has forgotten that he is about to merge in an immense mass of people, of whom none will care one atom for his dignity—none will move one step from his direct path to make way for *him*. He keeps aloof, in solitary pride, from the contagion of intimacy, and imagines that he carries with him all those claims to distinction which he possessed in India. He has no idea of becoming *one of the people*, and has as perfect an assurance that he shall be numbered amongst the very *élite* of the aristocracy, as that he wears the insignia of the Bath at this precise moment. How severe a lesson is he about to learn in the autumn of his life! It is more than probable that he will

retreat from the severity of its rudiments, and return to his eastern theatre, to sustain a more important and distinguished rôle, before the expiration of one single year !

That good-tempered looking specimen of female personal plainness is Miss Marwell, an almost solitary exception to the universality of the axiom, that '*any* woman may marry in India.' She came out with a third or fourth cousin, married to a subaltern of cavalry—plain as anything female *can* be, that is not positively to be called ugly, and a dreadful violation, of all Indian rules of beauty. Amongst the British sojourners in this eastern clime, Lord Byron's hatred of 'dumpy women' is a sentiment ludicrously prevalent. To be sure, in an atmosphere fluctuating between 95° and 120° of Fahrenheit, a mountain of flesh is not the most attractive object in the world ; and under its influence the taste for 'fat, fair, and forty,' is a branch of royal prerogative which few subjects would be hardy enough to invade. There was no more valid impediment why Miss Marwell should not attain unto matrimony. Many hundreds as plain as she, and ten times more

ignorant, and a hundred-fold worse tempered, have achieved its honours. But 'some are born to honours, and some have honours thrust on them;' and it was Miss Marwell's fate to be within neither of these accidents. After seven years' trial, she returns, *still* good-tempered, and with a constitution little impaired by the assaults of the climate, to pass the future of her existence on the very small competence she has the good fortune to call her own, and to enact the useful, if undignified part of 'Aunt Rachel,' to the four very troublesome children who are now sailing to England under the shelter of her fostering wing.

The lady on the poop, reading the marble-covered volume, is Mrs. Z. The warm tint of her complexion, and the lustrous darkness of her eyes, are infallible evidence of her eastern origin. She is a very amiable and lovely specimen of her race, and exceedingly timid at the prospect of the mortifications and difficulties she anticipates on her *début* in the circle of her husband's family. But her mild and gentle manners offer the best and most admissible plea for her unavoidable defects, and

her natural grace preserves her from any positive gaucheries. Perhaps her very timidity may save her from the evils she dreads, and which a more ambitious spirit would surely encounter. To the honour of human nature let it be said, that very few are anxious to detect the errors of those whose humility seems to ask forbearance. When there is no presumption, there can be no repulse. The inevitable deficiencies of a woman, entirely educated in India, contain nothing in themselves to merit the derision of the sarcastic. If, unfortunately, they present themselves in union with arrogance and pretension, they deserve the severity of the satire they are likely to incur.

Young,—old;—the humble, the proud;—wealth, poverty;—all are there, and in all ‘hope inhabits,’—however distinct its characteristics, *still* hope. No!—there is one, to whom ‘hope never comes, that comes to all.’ There he stands, with eye bent upon the wave, lonely and apart, like one dark thunder-cloud on a sunny-sky, or a single blasted tree amidst a forest majestic in its world of verdure. *There* is despair, in all its sad, stern sameness. *Life*

has no light and shade for him;—‘darkness is over the face of the deep.’ The seal of the irrevocable past is upon him, and his doom is hopelessness, unless the grave shall yield up its dead. The many stand aloof; but there is one, graceful and grave, who never quits that sad companionship. By day, by night, he is with him, watching him ever. But not even *his* watchfulness can shut out from the pained listener who holds midnight vigil in the adjacent cabin, the outpourings of that strong remorse. He hears the voice of the unquiet spirit that cannot share the body’s slumber, but wanders amidst the gloomy memories of irremediable guilt. The very air breathes hot and oppressive, as it passes, stilly and sultrily, over the brow of the adulterer and manslayer. Yet is he no ruffian. The down of youth is yet on his cheek, and sadness seems a sad and unwonted guest in eyes whose joyous colour is so meet for sunshine. He is but the *last* victim of one single passion. The guilty wife has sunk under the pain of a wounded spirit,—and the husband—yonder shudder proclaims that *he* too is at rest.

To this unhappy one, therefore, the prospect of home brings no joy,—no hope. He carries within him the perpetual voice that will not let him even *dream* of happiness. There is a *seeing* within him, that will not suffer him to shut out his victims. His motions are restless and uneasy. He avoids the eyes of human beings, and retreats often to his cabin, shunning the presence of mankind. But that solitude is peopled with phantasms worse than the realities from which he has fled, and he rushes again upon deck with burning eye and fevered brow, to seek refuge from *himself*. The curse of Cain is on him ;—*he hath shed man's blood*.

No mother ever watched her nursling as yonder brave man attends the homicide. *He* sees in him only the brother of his youth,—who shared the same cradle,—sported in the same field ;—whose glad spirit gave the spring-tide more of balm and flowers ;—whose laugh was gayer than the carol of the birds,—his cheek brighter than the first rose they gathered on their mother's birth-day. He was the darling of that mother too ;—he had had her *last* blessing. How her fondness had decked the vision of his future life with fairy

wreaths of happiness and honour!—Well is it that she lived not to see how every leaf had withered,—every blossom perished!

If one faint gleam of hope shall ever more shine on this man, it must be from that brother's wealth of love. How intense,—how devoted!—He is about to resign his proud and bright prospects,—so dear to the ardent spirit that has fed upon glory,—in the noon of manhood, to add to the very small income each brother inherits—the mite of his half-pay. He has bound himself to the voluntary penance of watching, in some obscure retreat, the future years of the spirit-broken;—to soothe melancholy gradually deepening into madness, and to find himself,—when the object of all his care shall sink unreluctantly into the grave, for years his *first*, and now his *last* rest,—*alone*. No, not alone;—companions may have forgotten,—friends may have deserted,—but GOD and his own heart are with him still.

After all then, even '*going home*' is like all other human events,—a mingled tissue of joy and grief. Truly it is so in its concomitant circumstances; but the abstract fact presents still an idea of unutterable bliss. Perhaps,

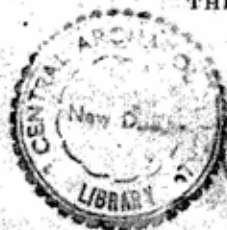
however, yonder couple taste the cup of joy in its purest and least alloyed deliciousness. Are they lovers? No; there is too confidential a manner about them, an air of too great friendship. Their glances tell of pure affection, and have nothing to do with the rapture of passion. They are husband and wife, and he, as his pallid brow and hair prematurely grey indicate, has reaped the ills of the climate. *She* also has suffered, and pain has left traces of sadness on her forehead. But the countenance of each is radiant with hope and thankfulness. And although perchance but a moderate competence awaits them, they glance with conscious satisfaction up to the deep blue sky, and enjoy with intense delight the full, the exquisite, the overpowering happiness which compensates for every suffering and every privation—

THEY ARE GOING HOME!"

THE END.

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